THE STUDENT
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THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 1

OCTOBER

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to the boys)
☆ You should see her starring in the new Paramount Picture "PALM BEACH STORY" ☆

KEEP 'EM SATISFIED WITH *Chesterfield*

Milder . . Cooler . . Better-Tasting Cigarettes

. . . that's what smokers ask for . . and that's CHESTERFIELD. *Milder* when you smoke a lot . . *Cooler* when the going's hot . . and *Better-Tasting all the time!* Buy CHESTERFIELDS by the carton and treat the boys and yourself to more smoking pleasure than you've ever known . . .

They Satisfy

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PICTURED on the cover this issue is a newcomer to the Wake Forest campus this year —the star spangled banner, the American flag, coming to us as a part of the Army Finance School. Standing respectfully by at attention with hands over hearts while the flag is being lowered are several Wake Forest students, male and co-ed.

Every afternoon promptly at 5:30, at retreat, as twilight shadows are stealing slowly across the campus, amid strains of our national anthem Old Glory is slowly lowered from the top of the mast, where she has stayed since reveille, watching and guiding over our students and soldiers.

That flag demands the respect of the student body as it is being given by those few students on the cover. For, although, it was brought here by the Finance School, it is now a part of our college; it symbolizes the benefits we are receiving in a democracy as well as those that our soldiers are fighting for. Therefore, it commands our reverence and respect at twilight retreat, as well as the respect of the Finance School soldiers.

To the Wake Forest man and woman this year, as well as to every American man and woman, that flag probably means more than ever before in the history of our land, or in the history of our flag. It means more today to the college youth of America than it did at the time when Francis Scott Key penned his tribute to it amidst the burst of bombs and "the rockets' red glare." For today that flag is waving in every corner of the globe and on all the seven seas, wherever men in our armed forces are stationed.

To us here at Wake Forest that star spangled banner is the symbol of our right to education, as we

(Continued on page 7)

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX NUMBER 1

OCTOBER 1942

The Staff

Herbert Thompson ..... *Editor*
Paul B. Bell ..... *Business Manager*
Dr. E. E. Folk ..... *Faculty Adviser*
Dr. H. B. Jones ..... *Faculty Adviser*
Mr. Charles M. Allen ..... *Technical Adviser*
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Business Associates

Hoyt Dozier
Betty Stansbury
Ned Thomas
Betty Black

In This Issue

Strictly Incidental 2
Timely bits of campus lore

Flyin' Dynamite ..... Ed Wilson 3
Saluting Bomber Commander Haynes

Pigskin Evolution ..... Billy Primm 4
Football has gone a long way

Rise and Fall of the Honor System ..... John McMillan 5
It's had a hectic life

A Modern Canterbury Tale ..... Eugene Brissie 6
It was almost the same ride

The Invaders 8-9
A marked change in our college life

Defeat is Victory ..... Bob Wilson 10
A heart wises up

Message at Sea 14
It happened at last

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Strictly Incidental

• *This year* THE STUDENT begins its 60th year as the official Wake Forest College magazine. And this year, at the ripe old age of 60, THE STUDENT masthead, for the first time in the history of the college is graced by female names. We stood sadly by and watched it happen to our fellow publications, *The Howler* and *Old Gold and Black*. But it was understandable in their case. They were young fellows. THE STUDENT, stooped with age, was one thing on the campus that co-eds were going to leave alone. Yet we had to take a second look at these two before we could say "No." Even THE STUDENT has broken tradition. We welcome to our business staff this year pretty co-eds Betty Stansbury and Betty Black.

• *Leaving for the army* air corps next month is versatile Charles M. Allen of the biology department, who turned away from his microscopes, liver flukes, paramecia, and what-have-you, long enough to help us solve the many technical problems constantly arising during preparations for this first issue. Our many thanks to him for instrumental aid in make-up, photography, and art. He leaves his teaching post here to do aerial photographic work for Uncle Sam.

• *Ensign Emmett Davis,* Wake Forest graduate 1940, remembered here by many for his love and talent for music, perchanced to take a plane flight this summer while his ship was docked. On the plane Ensign Davis met and sat with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, itinerant wife of the President. In the course of a tête-à-tête, Davis casually remarked to Mrs. Roosevelt that there was no piano on his ship, told the First Lady of his profound love for music, and mentioned how he had missed having the opportunity of playing a piano and organ since Wake Forest days. Then he asked the First Lady if she could possibly have it arranged to have a piano placed aboard ship. Upon returning to his vessel after leave, Ensign Davis was amazed to find that his request had been granted. The vessel was now graced by the presence of a piano.

A bit of the Cinderella element, but it comes to us as the straight stuff.

• *We found a very interesting little bit* of reading in a football article in Duke University's September *Duke 'n' Duchess.* Forecasting wonderful season prospects for the Blue Devils, the article stated: "Davidson, N. C. State, and Wake Forest seem to be around each year to keep Duke from ever having a really bad season. This year should be no exception despite the improvements shown recently by the first two of these."

Well, well, well. Little men, what next?

Look out, Co-eds!

• *According to Fat Bob Wilson,* he's been kicked around by "the fairer sex" all of his life, but what we saw the other day convinced us that he intends, by fair means or foul, to be "lord and master of campus co-eds." The Maltreated One had just remarked that he was looking for a co-ed to fall in love with, but was worried because he thought his chances slim in creating a dual love affair. Suddenly inspired, he dashed to the library, and returned flourishing a book and chuckling softly to himself. Title: HYPNOTISM by Moll. "Now I'll get her!" he snarled through curled lips.

• *Freshmen can ask some of the derndest questions!* On the eve of the soggy Carolina-Wake Forest football game, we were discussing game prospects with pre-medic Durward Reed and an interested, but green, freshman. Reed remarked that Zodiac favored the Tar Heels for a decisive victory. Then queried the freshman quite innocently, "Zodiac? What position does he play?"

• *It happened on Shakespeare class.* Dr. H. B. Jones brought into the classroom with him a small statue of Bottom, famous Shakespeare character of *Midsummer Night's Dream,* with the head of a donkey and the body of a man, and announced to the class that he had a new lecturer who would teach the class for the period. He stood "Bully Bottom" on the table top and went on describing the character at length. A long pause. Then he removed the statue from the desk with the explanation, "Well, he has nothing else to say, so I'll put him back down. I don't want you to confuse the lecturers this morning."

The class roared with laughter.

• *Unknown to probably 99 per cent* of the student body is the fact that the many magnolia trees covering the campus are named after alumni of the college. Years ago, alumni were requested to buy a magnolia tree apiece to help beautify the barren campus. Each alumnus who contributed had a tree named for him. Probably no one around here knows which tree is "Jim Jones," or which "Paul Phitorizeski," but it would be of great interest to us to know just which alumni were chopped down and ploughed under to make room for the new chapel.

Flyin' Dynamite

Caleb Haynes Once Took Pot Shots At Students Here; Today He Wings Over The Orient Blasting Jap Bases From The Air.

By ED WILSON

JACK BELDEN, Far Eastern correspondent for *Time* and *Life* Magazines, wrote a firsthand account of a raid by the American Army Air Force on a big Japanese base below Hankow on the Yangtze River in China. Personally directing this bombing expedition against the strategic Nipponese stronghold and piloting one of the planes himself was a man whom Belden described as "a big, hulking mountaineer with the face and simple, careless manner of Wallace Beery."

This soldier, the chief of the American bomber command in China, was Caleb V. Haynes. At the time of the flight Haynes held the rank of colonel, but less than two months later, on September 14 of this year, he had been promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

Bomber Commander Haynes
He was well content.

It was as Vance Haynes that Brigadier General Caleb V. Haynes was known when he was a student for four years at Wake Forest College. Born at Dobson, in Surry County, he came here from Mt. Airy in 1913 as a member of the freshman class. Back in those days when hazing was particularly prevalent at Wake Forest, Haynes soon let it be known that he would stand for no rough stuff. The story is told that on one occasion he armed himself with two pistols and threatened to shoot any upperclassman who tried to bother him. When words failed, Haynes used his weapon, grazing one boy's head with a bullet and scaring the rest away for good.

During his college days Haynes devoted most of his extracurricular energy to athletics, playing on the varsity track and scrub football teams and on the all-class champion football eleven. His senior year he was assistant manager of the track team and also vice president of the Supreme Court class. He was a member of the Philomathesian Literary Society.

When he graduated from Wake Forest College in 1917 with a LL.B. degree, Vance Haynes was twenty-one years old, six feet tall, and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds. The caption under his picture in the 1917 *Howler* read: "For my own part, I am well content."

Immediately after leaving Wake Forest, Haynes enlisted in the army, and in 1918 he was sent to France, where he studied in French flying schools. Since that day he has remained in the Army Air Corps and has won a reputation as one of the best four-motor pilots in the world, having never had a crash in his twenty-five years of service.

Haynes opened both the Atlantic ferry service and the southern route from America to Africa and Asia. He flew the first B-24 bomber from America to Asia. He established and has held the world record for the greatest payload carried to a height of 2,000 meters and the world speed record for 5,000 kilometers with a load of 2,000 kilos.

Until 1936 Haynes was a pursuit pilot; since then he has flown bombers. His success at the latter has been as pronounced as at the former. A friend had said of him, "He is the only man in the world I ever saw handle a bomber like a pursuit."

Recently Haynes has been stationed in the Far East, and there he has won his greatest fame. In India he served as commander of the Assam-Burma-China Ferrying Command, and time and again he risked his life to fly gasoline to the American Volunteer Group of flyers in Burma and to bring out refugees and military personnel.

When Burma was lost to the Japanese, Haynes personally led the aerial evacuation which took place. From early April to June 15 Haynes and a small crew, making several trips every day, evacuated 4,500 passengers and carried loads of more than 2,000,000 pounds. When the party of General Joseph Stilwell was cut off without help in northern Burma, Haynes himself flew in and brought out more than thirty members of the general's staff. Stilwell refused to come himself, waiting to march out through the jungle on foot.

Since June 18 of this year Haynes has been in command of the American bomber forces in China. Stories of his personal bravery under fire have been many. He has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross with oak leaves for pioneer work in four-motor plane routes. On August 15 he was decorated with the Silver Star for

(Continued on page 14)

1888 Deacon Gridders: Pigskin Pioneers
It took them a long time.

Pigskin Evolution

By BILLY PRIMM

IT TOOK almost as long for football playing to win the approval of school officials and to be considered an asset to Wake Forest College as it did for the Deacons to beat Duke after 16 years of Blue Devil domination.

The faculty and trustees, it seems, thought very little of the new game of football when a Wake Forest team played the first intercollegiate football contest in North Carolina in Raleigh on October 18, 1888, at the state fair grounds against the University of North Carolina. But it was a far different old gold and black team that trotted out on the field then from the one that whipped Duke a couple of weeks ago.

The Wake boys in 1888 had received their ball only three days before the game and were sadly lacking in practice, but the new uniforms which they sported filled them with confidence.

This first contest was a very gentlemanlike affair. There was no rough play, and tackling consisted mostly of halting the ball carrier long enough for the rest of the team to pile on. Spectators saw no tricky reverses, such as the one on which Johnny Perry ran 49 yards against Duke, or spinners as the teams of today use, and the offensive team was not concerned so much with how it lined up so long as it had a line and a ball carrier.

Despite the gentlemanliness of the game then, school officials disapproved the idea of playing. They argued that it took too much time away from studies, with the result that from 1894 to 1908—14 years—there was no football played at Wake Forest College, with the exception of one game in 1895 and a few in 1905.

However, much happened from the first game in 1888 until 1894, when the game was abolished. Football had aroused a great deal of interest in North Carolina with that first Wake Forest-Carolina contest. Enthusiasm among the students here was so great that many played the game right on the campus, even though faculty rules strictly forbade it and demerits were given to those who were caught playing.

The climax came on November 29, 1888, when delegates from the University of North Carolina, Trinity (now Duke), and Wake Forest met in Raleigh and formed an Intercollegiate Football Association with a constitution and rules similar to those of the American Intercollegiate Association. Davidson was invited to enter but declined the offer. The association planned a series of

(Continued on page 10)

Rise and Fall of the Honor System

For Many Years It Has See-Sawed Back And Forth In A Turbulent Existence.

By JOHN McMILLAN

WAY BACK in the years when Dr. George W. Paschal, professor emeritus of Greek and Latin, was in his pedagogical prime, Wake Forest students had to observe some rather rare regulations when they took their examinations. Dr. Paschal couldn't help but chuckle as he related one form of proctor system that made any attempts at cheating virtually impossible.

"You see, before the Honor System was adopted here at Wake Forest the following arrangement was, for a time, observed at final examinations: All the students taking certain courses in different departments met together in the gymnasium (the Social Science building, now sectioned off into classrooms). On the gym floor were orderly lines of desks facing toward the front. All the students taking a particular subject, say English drama, were seated in one row, while strivers after analytical geometry would take their seats in the neighboring row. Beside that row might be placed students of medieval history. And so on it would go, with students from three or four subjects taking examinations simultaneously.

"But precautions against cheating didn't stop just with that," Dr. Paschal continued. "After being seated, the students were required to exchange quiz pads with persons in the opposite row so that crib notes would be but a waste of paper and pencil lead. Thus arranged, the gymnasium full of students would ply into their respective examinations. But even that was not all. With the rows of seats widely separated, the eagle-eyed professors had broad aisles down which they might stride constantly, watching carefully for suspicious side-glances or wandering gazes."

Dr. Paschal declared that cheating was practically impossible under that system.

It was along about the turn of the century that there began to come a growing dissatisfaction with the existing policing system among Wake Forest students, and this dissatisfaction culminated around 1904 in the adoption of what was then, and still is, known as the Honor System. This system was the code governing student conduct both in and out of the classroom.

It is from the dusty but trusty files of THE STUDENT that we are able to catch glimpses of the destiny of the Honor System as it see-sawed up and down in a turbulent existence.

Soon after the adoption of the Honor System, editorials of varying tone began to pop out in THE STUDENT. Wrote Wingate Johnson, now a prominent physician in Winston-Salem, in the January 1905, issue: "For several years it has been felt that a change was needed in the condition of affairs at Wake Forest. . . . In order to bring about a change, a mass-meeting of the students was held, and after expressions of opinions from many prominent students, all of whom favored an honor system, an agreement was signed by nearly all present, by the terms of which the signers pledged themselves to do what they can to stop destruction of college property, cheating on examinations, and general dishonesty."

Apparently, this "gentleman's code" carried on in a fine way for several years. But like many other things that are instituted in a burst of enthusiasm, the Honor System seemed to suffer a relapse around 1908. Evidence of this is observed in an impassioned challenge flung to the delinquent students by Herbert Peele, now editor of the Elizabeth City *Daily Advance*, who wrote an editorial in the April 1908 STUDENT, crying: "What sort of person should a college student be? . . . He should be a man. He should go with head erect, step elastic, eye steady, conscience clear. His superior advantages should make him peculiarly sensitive to every imputation of wrong-doing. Honor should be with him a passion."

Lashing out at the indifference of the students to the Honor System, Peele continued: "What we need is to arouse the student-body from its present cool indifference to wrong, and to awaken in it an overwhelming honor

(Continued on page 12)

In order that no misunderstanding arise from vague terms, the author herewith takes the liberty of lifting in its near entirety the statement concerning the Honor System in the handbook:

The Honor System at Wake Forest simply means that every man is on his honor as a gentleman to conduct himself in a manner to be expected of a gentleman and to report violations of this code of ethics on the part of others. It has grown up in the life of our college that men are more good than bad, and, given an equal opportunity, will select the right in preference to the wrong; that self government is necessary in an institution training for citizenship in a democratic state, and individual responsibility adds effort and interest on the part of the individual. "All students are on their honor to abstain from such acts as cheating, hazing, stealing, and gambling"; in other words, they are on their honor to do the right thing at all times and to abstain from the wrong.

A Modern Canterbury Tale

An Ensign Took A Bicycle Ride Last Summer, Pedaling Over The Trail Made Famous By Chaucer And The Canterbury Pilgrimage.

By EUGENE BRISSIE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eugene F. Brissie, B.A. '40, once said that if he ever got to England one of the first things he would do would be to take a bicycle trip following the old pilgrim's trail from London to Canterbury, made famous by Chaucer. This summer he did it. Brissie, now an Ensign in the Navy, here tells something of the trip. While at Wake Forest, he was editor of "Old Gold and Black" and* THE STUDENT, *was president of O.D.K., and was a teaching fellow in English for the 1940-41 session when he returned for graduate work.*]

I FOUND an opportunity several weeks ago to take the bicycle ride over Chaucer's historical route, and I am sure that it must have been the most interesting trip I've had in many a year. It didn't look right to see the shell-like buildings rendered useless by bombs, but Jeff and I had a great time laughing about his original journey. Harry Bailey's ale, by the way, seems still as potent as it was in the old days of his Tabard Inn.

The present-day Tabard, on the site of the old inn just across London Bridge, doesn't look at all like Bailey's hostelry, of course, but with a little stretching of the imagination one may fancy that it is the same rambling structure and that at any moment one may see a group of pilgrims ride forth in Fourteenth Century attire for the fifty-odd mile trip to the shrine of Thomas a Becket.

The same imagination may turn the modern road into the pleasant country highway, lined by farms and cottages, which Chaucer knew as the beginning of the ancient road from London to Canterbury and Dover. If you can forget the planes zooming overhead, you can almost put yourself into the England of 1387. As you ride along, you even look for the brook where the Pilgrims paused to draw straws and where the cut fell to the Knight to tell the first tale. His beautiful romance of Palamon and Arcite reverberates in your memory for the the next several miles. Then the road and your mood change as you pedal up Blackheath Hill and listen to the boisterous Miller who knew by the sound of his voice that he had had too much Southwark ale.

A pause on Blackheath where one may catch echoes of Harry Bailey's "Lo Depeford! Lo Grenewych!" You, too, look toward the left distance, and you can imagine the angry Reeve beginning his story to repay the Miller for the fancied insult. A little farther, as you turn into the long straight line of Watling Street, you guess at the spot where the Cook of London started to tell another such story.

It is a temptation to linger at almost any point along the way, but you keep pedaling . . . up Shooters' Hill . . . down a pleasant grade . . . up a gradual rise . . . then down to Crayford. Not far away, across the Cray River, is Dartford, where the Pilgrims possibly spent a night.

From here to Rochester the modern road does not follow the route it took in Chaucer's day, but swerves left to Gravesend on the Thames. Since there are no Chaucerian memories connected with this segment of the trip, you can return to 1942 and remember that this Kent country is the most bombed part of England. You see evidences all along the way, and you find yourself incapable of expressing your thoughts that this country so rich in history should be ravaged by modern barbarians in the skies.

Near Rochester you return to the Pilgrims' way, but, of course, you have missed all the stories the Pilgrims told the second day . . . except the latter part of the one you would have hated most not to hear, the Nun's Priest's incomparable story of Chanticler. Smiling from that, you ride into the old city and look around, wondering what is still there that Chaucer saw and where the inn stood that the Pilgrims chose.

Out of Rochester you find yourself searching for the spot where the Pardoner halted the group at an ale stake and told them the superb exemplum. You chuckle as you remember back in Wake Forest Billy Ellington's painting of the Host and the Pardoner "making up" along about here, and your chuckle turns into an audible laugh as the buxom Wife of Bath begins the next story, first startling the gentles with her uninhibited confession.

Sittingbourne recalls the ugly quarrel of the Friar and the Summoner, but then as the road rises, falls, and rises again to Beacon Hill you forget them as you marvel anew at the patience of the Clerk's Griselda, and, as you ride down to Ospringe, at the stupidty of Old January in the tale of the dapper Merchant.

You would like to stop in Ospringe as the Pilgrims did, but you hurry through and on along the undulating road, listening to the Squire's fantasy and the Franklin's narrative of a perfect marriage. At Boughten you halfway turn your head to listen for the horsebeats of the Canon and his Yeoman who joined the Pilgrims here to gain relative safety from robbers in the thick wood ahead. At Harbeldown (Chaucer's Bobbe-up-and doun) you try to

(Continued on page 11)

FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the dog house now!

"TAKE YOUR RING and go away! You're finished with college, but *I'm* finished with men who smoke smelly pipes! My heart says *yes*, but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"

SO DAN REFORMED. He switched to Sir Walter, the *mild* blend of fragrant burleys. His girl took one sniff...smiled...snuggled. Try it for moonlight and noses.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

Off the Keyboard

(Continued from page 1)

know it and cherish it and want to preserve it.

And so we join the soldiers at retreat, as twilight shadows steal over the campus. And we stand reverently at attention while they play our national anthem and lower Old Glory at the end of the day, and we place our hands over our hearts in salute to this symbol of freedom, for as long as it waves on our campus, in our land, we know that we may go about our way undisturbed, with a snug feeling of security and freedom in our hearts.

Long may it wave. . . !

A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those too; you'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."

—*Froth.*

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider, hard as steel
And everywhere she went 'twas sport
To watch Virginia reel.

—*Bison.*

Teacher: Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs over here and three over there, how many will there be altogether?

Johnny: Personally, I don't think you can do it.

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY
by
GLOBE
See
PAUL BELL
or
ROSCOE MASON

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW
THE
VOGUE
SHOP FOR MEN

CLOTHIERS
HABERDASHERS
HATTERS

The Vogue Shop For Men

The Invaders

Their March Into Deacontown Caused a Stir and Created Uncomfortable Circumstances, But They Brought About A Pleasant Change To Our College Life.

THEY came, they saw, they liked what they saw, and they took what they came to see. It was all very sudden, but like most invasions it had been previously planned and executed with swift rapidity.

On August 17 Major Albert Howarth led a detachment of Fighting Financiers into the quiet little college town of Wake Forest and set up a base on the college campus, taking over what classroom buildings and dormitories they deemed essential to their work. The newspapers carried the news of the invasion, and students who read of it were saddened to learn that they had to return to a new, a different Wake Forest.

Students returning to Wake Forest could see on arriving that there was a marked difference in the place. Classes of the Social Science department would be held in the law building now, for the invaders had chased Dr. C. C. Pearson and faculty cohorts out of the old Social Science building to make room for army personnel. Students who had lived in the three dormitories had to seek new rooming quarters, for the invaders had taken them, and also the new chapel annex. In fact, they had done a lot to change Wake Forest and college life.

But the change brought about at Wake Forest was quite unlike what most of us had expected. The soldiers have seemed to fit in perfectly with the atmosphere of the place. For now, America was at war and what could make us more conscious of this fact than to have a division of the country's armed forces training right here on our college campus?

With the soldiers came something that had been sorely lacking on the Wake Forest campus for a long time, the American flag. Old Glory gently waving in the breeze offered a thrill heretofore unexperienced by us.

At a soldier-student mass meeting in the Church auditorium the first week of school, we could see that we were going to like having them around, that they weren't imposing on us after all. Soon we grew accustomed to seeing them gathered in the bookstore between classes mingling with students and getting refreshed at Snyder's soda fountain. It became commonplace to see them drilling, marching to their classes, joyously hovering around the mail distributor at mail call to get their letters from sweethearts, wives, and friends, marching to their classes, marching to meals, marching down to the athletic fields

Lower Left: Eating, too, is a part of their routine. Finance men dine at Jo's. Below: It's Saturday at Wake Forest and every one of The Invaders knows what that means. They're shown here waiting in line for inspection by their chief, Major Albert Howarth.

for recreation, to hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet passing beneath our classroom windows.

And except for their strict military requirements they were a lot like our own students. They immediately adopted the Wake Forest tradition of speaking when meeting on the campus. They showed that they were 100 per cent for us by attending our pep meetings and organizing a cheering section for the Duke-Wake Forest football game, which really was a credit to Wake Forest spirit at athletic contests. They added tremendously to the school spirit. Never before had Wake Forest's student body so much pep and zest. In short, the invaders had brought with them a great change to our college life—the importance of soldiers and students working together for a common cause—victory.

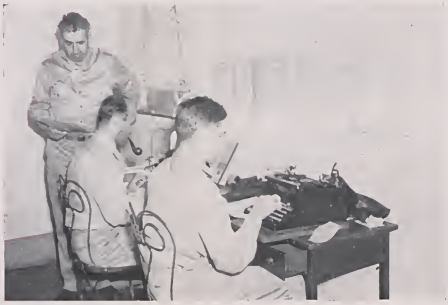
The Student herewith presents several pictures of *our* soldiers as we know and like them best . . . in parts of their army routine.

Photos by Bob Gallimore.

Upper Right: The Invaders crowd up to Snyder's soda fountain for a refreshing pause between classes.

Center: Editor "Judge" Lewis keeps the typewriters chattering to meet another deadline for "The Washroom Gazette," official Finance School publication.

Lower Right: Fighting Financiers stand another inspection by Major Howarth. This time they're in formation in front of Wait Hall.



GET THE HABIT

TRADE AT

TAYLOR'S

RALEIGH

WELCOME FROM

DANIEL & SMITH

The Official

Photographer for the

"HOWLER"

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT!

Wear

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Stetson Hats

Manhattan and Arrow Shirts

Wilson Bros. Furnishings

McLEOD & WATSON CO.

In Odd Fellows Building

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEFEAT IS VICTORY

Mighty organ sound the dirge!
  Play, O slighted instrument!
Prove to me that Love's a scourge,
  Designed to mar Man's self-content.

To me you once were but a flute,
  Softly trilling notes sublime.
Why is that tone so strangely mute?
  Why change the apple to the lime?

The answer comes in rumbling tones,
  Devoid of any self-restraint,
Its weird, uncanny music loans
  Emphasis to Adam's taint.

"You could have ruled me, stupid Man
  Until you Woman 'gan to crave;
You gave me too much time to plan;
  Now, I the master, you the slave!"

—Bob Wilson.

Pigskin Evolution

(Continued from page 4)

championship games with the winner being awarded a pennant.

Because football was played in the Springtime up North, the association planned to play in the Spring of 1889. On March 1 Carolina trampled the Deacons 33-0. Trinity and Carolina played a week later and tied 17-17. But Wake Forest broke back into winning form by trouneing Trinity 35-0.

Despite the fact that trustees and faculty felt that football was a problem and even went so far as to establish a physical culture department to distract interest from the game, contests were played regularly until 1894. Richmond College, University of Virginia, Carolina, Trinity, and Asheville Athletic Association were some of the opponents which the Deacons faced.

One game was played in 1895, but continued opposition on the part of the faculty caused the cessation of football until 1905, when it was revived mainly through the efforts of E. W. Sikes, who came back after six years to coach and play. But Sikes' playing and the fact that several large fellows who were not students were allowed to play, caused still more opposition. School officials claimed that the game was a matter of too much brawn and not enough brains. And when Sikes left at the end of that year to enter Johns Hopkins University, the football team collapsed.

Three years later, in 1908, football returned to the Wake Forest campus to stay. After fourteen years school officials decided that this game of football was no longer a matter of brawn but a game which aided both the physical and mental development of those who took part.

Since 1908 the Demon Deacons have played many a football contest. The teams of Wake Forest have had their ups and downs, good years and bad, until the present-day team, under the guidance of Coach D. C. Walker, has

taken its stand among the better football teams of the United States.

And the game which school officials looked upon with disapproval forty-seven years ago, and which started out as a bunglesome sport, has progressed to such a point that government officials have urged its continuance because they understand that the sport is one of the best means of preparing the youth of America for service in the armed forces of our country.

A Modern Canterbury Tale

(Continued from page 6)

imagine where the inebriated Cook fell from his horse into the mud.

Canterbury is not far ahead, and your busy thoughts let the droning Parson's sermon go unheeded. The summit overhanging the ultimate goal hides the jewels until the very last. I was there fairly early in the day, and a sentry halted me brusquely. Still skeptical about my identification, he chatted leisurely a few moments while I rested. When I told him my mission, he swore it was "a new one" —that he'd met no one going so close to danger zones on such an excuse. (Perhaps I'm the first man to do this since 1939, according to him.)

Even as we chatted, fighters tangled with two medium bombers a few miles away.

The sentry suggested that I would have extreme difficulty getting into the city proper. From the summit I could see several cathedral spires; they appeared almost unharmed from where I stood. I walked to the very ledge, as it were, and viewed the barricaded roadway ahead. My journey was over; so I turned my back on the shrine of Thomas a Becket. Perhaps some day I'll be able to return. At least, I got as far as Chaucer did in his tales.

[Editor's Note: *Something of what Ensign Brissie would have seen in the cathedral city was told in a Canterbury resident's letter recently published in the "New York Times":*

"My dear Canterbury! I shall never see it again as I have known and loved it for so long! (Censored) against the precincts of the cathedral and as near to it as possible. I can't believe they meant to hit the cathedral directly. Just to injure it by the blast. The library, which is not an integral part, was hit, but the main structure, except for hundreds of windows blown in and out, is not vitally damaged yet.

"(Censored) are a sorry sight, scarcely a house undamaged by fire or high explosive. I think nearly all the (censored) are in ruins. I had a truly terrifying time during the first raid (censored)—the roof and half of the garden which was ablaze, but only one lodged on the house, which we were able to extinguish, but (censored) from end to end, and I saw no chance at one time of escaping alive.

"However, the firemen arrived and saved what remained of the street, but it is so surrounded by narrow lanes, all burning fiercely, that approach was very difficult. We rushed into houses in order to tear down curtains and draperies, and in the end got the fires under control."]

And then there was the mother flea who was crying because her son was going to the dogs.

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Rise and Fall of The Honor System

(Continued from page 5)

sentiment. . . . Our attitude toward college evils while here will be our attitude toward public evils in real life. Let the men at Wake Forest, then, who are counting on becoming forces for righteousness in the land that we live in, shake off the indifference which fetters them and rise up in their might against the wrong that is raising its head and darting its forked tongue in our midst. . . . Who will raise the battle cry for justice and right *today?* Fellows, it's up to you."

The efficacy and strength of the Honor System began to show itself again in 1911 when an Honor Committee was chosen to mete out justice. Enterprising members of the senior class drew up a constitution and nominated a committee, both of which drew the unanimous support of the student body in a mass meeting. The personnel of this committee included a chairman from among the graduate students, six seniors, two juniors, a sophomore, and a freshman, "representative men," as a STUDENT editorial commented, "in whom the student body has the utmost confidence, and in whose hands they are willing to place this all-important matter."

The editorial continued by explaining the workings of the committee. "They sit behind closed doors in judgment over all cases of cheating on examinations and quizzes. Evidence is obtained by whatever means possible. The accused is allowed to face his accuser. The penalties being warning, publication, notification of the professor that the culprit does not deserve to pass, letter to parents, expulsion—left in the discretion of the committee."

Just before America's entry into World War I, reports indicate that the Honor System flourished in an unparalled way, that it demanded the serious concern of practically all the students. Upon taking an examination or quiz, students were required then to sign a pledge stating not only that they had neither given nor received aid, but also that they had not seen anyone else giving or receiving aid. Such an exacting pledge made a shifting of responsibility impossible.

From then until the near past, the state of affairs of the Honor System at Wake Forest seemed to have been shrouded by a neutral indifference, with only sporadic flurries to upset the routine. Comment is made in a 1926 STUDENT that only a very small per cent of students will report "unfair dealing on examinations." In a somewhat pessimistic tone, the editorial declares that the "new system has magnified the fault of the old by merely enlarging the police force."

The quiet on the Honor System front was abruptly shattered some five years ago when freshman Bedford Black (recent alumnus and prominent debater) underwent a protracted period of physical and mental persecution because he had the guts to do what every student is expected to do under the Honor System. He "reported violations of this code of ethics on the part of others" (see Handbook, page 42). For childish and immature reasons, many students forthright dubbed Black their enemy. He dared to observe an Honor System!

And so we find ourselves with the Honor System at Wake Forest today. For nearly forty years this student code has been a part of Wake Forest tradition, and hardly a freshman orientation week passes without some mention of the Honor System. Today it claims a whole page in the official student handbook (see inset article, page 5).

Such an Honor System, if receiving the total and active support of every single student and faculty member, would bring about one of two conditions: 1) a minimum of reporting, indicating a minimum of cheating, or 2) a maximum of reporting, indicating a great deal of cheating.

Observing the actual conditions here at Wake Forest, we must set down these apparent facts: 1) There is very little reporting being done. (This fact can be certified by Student Council members.) 2) Majority opinion of students on the campus based on hearsay and actual observation, indicates that cheating, both on quizzes and exams, is quite prevalent.

Combining these facts, we are forced to draw a conclusion: the Honor System is weak in the "honor" aspect; with apologies for a little facetiousness, we must admit it is strong in the "system" aspect.

The question arises, What are concrete evidences of the functioning of the Honor System? The most obvious evidence that comes to mind is the pledge that students are required to sign upon completing an examination or quiz. The pledge, well-known to all, states that the student has not given nor received aid. There is a glaring weakness in this custom that makes it well-nigh farcical. Obviously a student, if he has cheated on an examination will, with equal abandon, sign his name below the pledge. If a student is willing to steal—for what is cheating but that?—he is certainly willing to lie in order to conceal his theft. Therefore, professors, as they take up the

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papers, may hardly ever find a paper without the pledge being properly signed. If such a one does appear, it is generally the paper of a perfectly honest student who carelessly forgot to sign the pledge. The only apparent good that the pledge does is simply to remind the students that they have an honor to uphold. Whether or not they uphold their honor is not revealed in the pledges.

Another obligation of the Honor System is to report violations of it to the Student Council. Such reportings have been few and far between. The notion that one shouldn't squeal on one's fellow student is actually childish and weak-kneed—that is, if one wants to observe the Honor System. Consistent failure to report cheating allows it to grow rampant. There arises a contempt for a great standard of student conduct, and we hear students playfully call the Honor System the "System." Such a condition is at once sheer hypocrisy and an indictment of the student body of Wake Forest.

"So what can we do about it?" you ask. That is a good question. We should ask it of ourselves, of our fellow students, and of our faculty members. We would do well to struggle with that question until we can derive a satisfactory answer.

Several suggestions are given here which might aid in answering the question, "What can we do about making the Honor System more truly an HONOR System?" Incidentally, these suggestions are the result not only of the author's personal thoughts, but also those of several interested students and faculty members.

1. Make known to every student the exact nature of the Honor System—its purpose, its meaning, its obligations. Publicize it thoroughly, especially to the freshmen who are just coming in.

2. Make sure, possibly by a convocation of the student body, that every student wants the Honor System to be continued as the basis for student conduct. In other words, give it a vote of confidence. If it isn't desired by the student body, a substitute must be found.

3. The full coöperation of the students, the Student Council, and the faculty must be assured before the Honor System can be prosecuted effectively. Though the chief concern of the Honor System is for the students and their problems, the faculty, as guides in their personality development, might well play a part. Both the students and the faculty are under equal obligation to report violations of the Honor System to the Student Council, which is the bar of justice. And in like manner, the Student Council is under obligation to treat dispassionately the cases as they arise. As long as there is harmonious coöperation and understanding, things are accomplished.

4. There must be, it seems, a genuine zeal on the part of all students to make the Honor System a success. The students should cherish it as the greatest tradition that Wake Forest College has to offer. Nothing would do the Honor System more good than a mighty and concerted surge of coöperation from the lowliest freshman to the most exalted senior.

As a nation, the 130,000,000 Americans are striving with concerted effort to preserve their Honor System—the system of personal freedom. With equal fervor, the students of Wake Forest should rally to the cause of *their* Honor System—the system of behaving in every respect like a gentleman.

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Message At Sea

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is a true incident. All names mentioned in the story, however, are fictitious.*

SATURDAY NIGHT, October 3, 1942, was not like most nights had been off the coast this year. The moon was up tonight and as Ensign Ralph T. Sorgham stood his watch, the patrol boat slowly plowing along through the rising and falling swells, he noticed that he could see the bow of the ship for a change.

"That's what this good ole fall air does for us," he reflected, as he scanned the moon-lit waters about his ship. "Fall, by golly, it is fall. Not long ago, about this time I was back under some beautiful old magnolia trees cussing some professor who was probably cussing me. Gosh, but I miss ole Deacontown this year. Wonder wh—Oh, oh what's that ahead? Looks like . . . naw, it's nothing but those confounded white caps . . . looks like a conning tower under the moon. . . . Oh yeah, got a nice letter from the brothers. . . . They seemed to be all pepped up about our team this year . . . and then came the news about Carolina taking us in. . . . Think they play Duke today. . . . Sure hope that they can hold the score down better this year . . . let's see . . . we hit port in two days, if . . . wonder if they hear football scores 'way down there . . .?"

Ralph's thoughts were suddenly shattered by the wail of a whistle and the chug-chug of another patrol boat. As she drew alongside Ralph's vessel, he noticed that she was the (censored). Skipper of her was Lt. Adams, another Wake Forest graduate. The two officers exchanged salutes, and then Lt. Adams told Ralph that his radio was broken and that he wanted him to send a message to the base by blinker light. Ralph had the signal man to flash the message to the coast.

He knew that Apprentice Seaman Thomas Staley would be there to take it. He was usually on at this time. Good old Tommy. He'd never had the chance to go to college, but he had heard Ralph talk about Wake Forest so much he had sort of adopted it as an alma mater. There came Tommy's answer that the message had been received and another message was being flashed back. Right in the middle of it Ralph caught the characters "W A K E F O R E S T 20 D U K E 7." He squinted his eyes toward the blinking shore light. "Oh shucks, no," he thought, "that couldn't be. . . . But Tommy wouldn't be breaking regulations just to play a joke."

He and Lt. Adams exchanged glances, then both of them began to smile. They couldn't suppress the cheer they felt rising in their throats. Members of the crews of both boats stared at their officers in amazement. They couldn't understand why they were so happy over the message. But they didn't know, for they had never "belonged." They couldn't possibly understand.

Lt. Adams thanked Ralph for sending the message as his boat chugged off. Ralph grinned. Then he just stood there smiling and whistling softly. Strains of "Dear Old Wake Forest" wafted slowly across the rise and fall of the waves. The moon was up higher now and the ocean seemed brighter. All was clear ahead.

Flyin' Dynamite

(Continued from page 3)

his part in the evacuation of soldiers and refugees from Burma.

Vance Haynes' promotion to the rank of brigadier general is probably by no means a climax to his career. As Jack Belden has phrased it: "Though he does not give a damn about playing Army politics, the sheer weight and merit of the man will probably carry him high by the end of the war, or he will be dead."

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The young man walked down the street with one shoe off and his coat turned inside out. A cop grabbed him and demanded: "What's the big idea?"

"It's like this," said the young man. "I'm taking a course at a correspondence chool, and yesterday those darn sophomores wrote me and told me to haze myself!"

—*Rice Owl.*

Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?

Man in crowd: That ain't Burns; that's Shakespeare.

Auctioneer: Well, folks, the joke's on me. That shows what I know about the Bible. —*Scottie.*

The British aviator had just returned from a raid into the enemy territory.

"Why are you back so late?" asked his commanding officer.

"I misunderstood instructions, sir, and pushed the leaflets under people's doors."

—*Moonshine.*

An announcement on a bulletin board outside a certain church in a small town reads: "Do you know what hell is?" Underneath, in smaller letters: "Come and hear our organist this evening."

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers—now you fan me."

—*M. I. T. Voo-Doo.*

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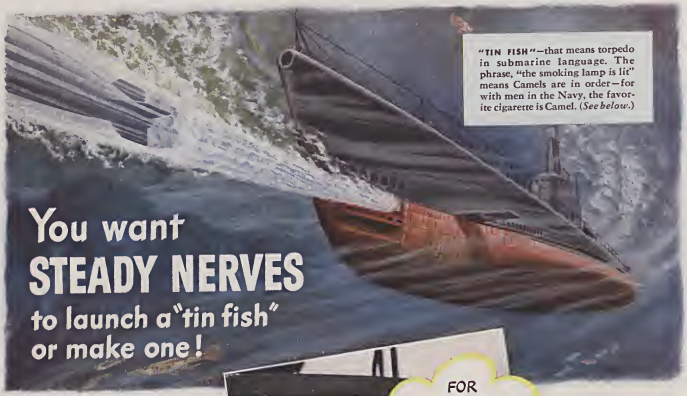
THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 2

NOVEMBER

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE



"TIN FISH"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (*See below.*)

You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

HIDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T. N. T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

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CAMELS WIN WITH ME ON EVERY COUNT. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT AND THEY DON'T TIRE MY TASTE

GYROSCOPE GIRL—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (*above*) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"

Camel

ON OUR COVER this issue is red-headed flashback John Cochran, signal caller for the 1942 Demon Deacons, whom sports writers throughout the East have hailed as one of the finest backs turned out in the South. Triple-threat quarterback Cochran is to us a typical representative of a great sport and a great team. When we hear the name we immediately think of the 1942 Demon Deacons, a team which has proved itself one of the finest athletic clubs ever turned out at Wake Forest College. Their record stands above those of any football teams here in recent years—five wins, two losses and one tie as they take the field against the University of South Carolina in Charlotte Thursday.

When Cochran, Russ and Johnny Perry, Bo Sacrinty, J. V. Pruitt, Elmer Barbour, Burnie Capps, Jim Copley, Captain Pat Preston, Buck Jones, Tony Rubino, George Owens, Bill Starford, and the other 1942 Deacons huddle on the field in Charlotte's Memorial Stadium Thursday, it may and probably will be the last huddle of a Wake Forest team for the duration of the war, for, according to inferences made by the War Manpower Committee, intercollegiate football will probably be abolished for the duration of the war after this season.

And so THE STUDENT salutes the 29 members of this year's squad and their coach, who have given Wake Forest a team to be proud of in this last year of football until the war's done and won. This is the team we will always remember for toppling Duke, in a very decisive manner, from their lofty perch after thirteen years without a victory over the Blue Devils, for turning back Clemson's Tigers, who had a record of holding

(Continued on page 15)

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX NUMBER 2

NOVEMBER 1942

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In This Issue

Strictly Incidental 2
Timely bits of campus lore

I Take the Army Oath ..... Santford Martin 3
Is it fair to be reserved?

Happy Endings ..... Neil Morgan 4
A series of stories that end right

The Story I Forgot ..... Ensign Eugene Brissie 5
Keep your typewriter in your hip pocket

Movie House Culture ..... H. B. Parrott 6
The cinema and witticisms

A New School Symbol ..... Martha Ann Allen 7
Eleven coeds gave Wake Forest its first flag

Scandal in the Art Gallery ..... Ed Wilson 8-9
Young Gus Caesar is trapped with four women

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Strictly Incidental

• *We've been hearing "bear stories"* for a long time, but just about the neatest one yet comes from Elizabeth City, where Bill Ayers, last year's editor of *Old Gold and Black,* is working as sports editor and general utility man on the *Daily Advance.* It seems that an escaped bear recently waddled about that town, prying in and out of houses and throwing half the populace into a panic. A sticker for human interest stories with a unique approach, China Bill followed the grizzly's trail, investigated the happenings, grabbed his typewriter and beat out his story. The story, written in the form of a bedtime tale and featuring the bruin as talking as he went on his exploits, won high favor with readers. Next morning when newsman Ayers went to work he found his desk littered with letters requesting copies of the paper carrying the story.

His is a nose for news not even bears get around.

• *These naval officers are pretty decent fellows* about some things. They will warn you before you get into the service, even if it is in a language you don't understand at that time. Over on a blackboard in the Office of Naval Officer Procurement in Raleigh, scrawled in big chalk letters in view of all candidates for admission are the words: *Mene Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,* which is Hebrew in a round-about-way for "Thy days are numbered." No doubt they find it a simple method for easing their conscience without affecting the number of applications.

• *Add to your list of squelched rumors:* Long John Jett, stalwart Deacon end of two seasons past, is not dead, as a rank rumor several weeks ago would have him be. Jett, unaware that he no longer lived, wrote a card a short while ago to Captain Pat Preston of this year's squad, congratulating the team on their success and their triumph over the Blue Devils. Wrote he: "I've lived for the day we would beat Duke." *In pace requiescat!*

• *Speaking of lady killers,* Ben Bell, junior from Beaufort, proved the night of the Civic Music Concert in Raleigh November 6 that he really knows how to get ahead with the fairer sex. Civic Music Patron Bell was over in Raleigh for the performance of the American Ballet Theatre. Looking over the ballet roster on his program, he noticed that a comparatively young dancer was in the troupe. Her name: Jean Hunt. Her age: 17. Sounded O. K. to him. She couldn't do more than refuse. Bell scribbled a note on his program asking the miss if he might take her out to dinner after the performance. The ballerina's reply was "certainly," to meet her back stage after the show. After the performance Bell walked from the auditorium with the pretty brunette alongside, her arm hooked through his, while friends gaped with awe.

• *Interesting was the announcement* made by Registrar Grady Patterson last week that the war has had a noticeable effect in students' grades this year. According to the Registrar's figures, fewer students made average grades mid-semester than in the past, while a larger percentage of lower grades and a larger percentage of higher grades were made. The percentage of students on the list having two or more failures has undergone a noticeable increase of two per cent; and about the same percentage made higher grades—10.53% made the honor roll this year as compared with 8.73% last year; the number of freshmen making honor roll grades was a good deal smaller while the number of upperclassmen was a good deal larger over last year's figures.

Explaining the fact that a considerable less percentage made average grades, Registrar Patterson said that existing conditions have caused those students in the lower bracket scholastically not to have such good preparation and strength of purpose, while on the other hand, the same conditions have accounted for the boost in the number of higher averages. For those students who have studied at all before, reasons he, now realize that their transcripts will mean a lot to them in whatever reserve or branch of service they're planning to enter, and thus affords them a keener incentive for work.

• *Since we began this page* speaking of newspapers and *Old Gold and Black* editors we'd like to close it by doffing our hats to Bob Gallimore, who will in a few days become Private R. S. Gallimore. He has done a very commendable job, along with predecessor Ayers, in shoving *Old Gold and Black* into step with modern journalistic trends. This next issue marks the twenty-second Gallimore has put to bed since he took the reins of the paper last spring. For four years he has been an asset to the publications realm. Photographer, newspaperman, Editor Gallimore is Wake Forest publications' loss—Uncle Sam's gain.

I Take the Army Oath

By SANTFORD MARTIN

"APPLICATION, please!"

"Do you have your birth certificate? Thank you."

"I'm sorry, Captain Johnston is in conference just now. Won't you have a seat?"

"Yes, I will. Thank you."

"Your name, please?"

"Martin—Santford Wingate Martin, Jr."

"Do you have three recommendations in triplicate form?"

"Yes, I do."

And thus I continued to answer many questions as they were asked by the polite and not too unattractive Army Recruiting Office secretary. Each answer to each question brought me closer to a membership in what I considered the greatest army in the world.

Finally, we came to the end of our question and answer ordeal, when the polite secretary asked me if I was seeking a college student's deferment plan. Of course I had only one answer to that—"Yes!" But as I said that "yes," a mammoth question arose in my mind: is it fair that I ask for and get a deferment from the Army for so many months or even a year or two, merely because I go to college, while hundreds and thousands of young fellows who have never had a chance to obtain a college education, and who, by that lack of opportunity, have been offered no deferment, have been offered no alternative other than to go at a moment's notice—some leaving young wives and old mothers—while a seemingly favored college minority continue to enjoy the undisciplined relaxation of civilian life?

And just that thought—is it fair, deferment on the basis of being a college student?—made me feel somewhat guilty and ill at ease as I sat there waiting for my chance to talk with Captain Johnston. I even tried to change my position and to look for things so interesting that the question, which made me feel guilty, would fade away. But it wouldn't—not even the pictures of the majestic airplanes on the wall, nor the pretty girls who typed and flirted with potential soldiers and aviators, could obliterate that question—is it fair? . . . is it fair?

Just then the door to Captain Johnston's office opened and out stepped two young civilians and behind them a most perfect example of an Army officer—tall, slender, lean, and straight, with a bold chin and eagle eyes which spelled determination. The polite secretary turned to me—"Mr. Martin, Captain Johnston can see you now."

And even as she said this, I didn't jump up rigidly and military-like, as you might think the average recruit would, hoping to make a lasting impression upon the officer-in-charge. Rather, as I remember, it seemed like a long journey from the reception room to Captain Johnston's office—very long, indeed! For during that little trip of some thirty feet, the question—is it fair to those who can't go to college?—continued to dominate my thoughts.

"Well, Mr. Martin, which do you prefer—to man one of our machine guns, or to join our parachute troopers"? Captain Johnston exclaimed light-heartedly, probably trying to put me at ease with his cordial informality.

After that, however, he presented his various deferment plans and told me of the different physical requirements, which I managed to pass through the grace of God and a little extra sleep.

After some time, the day came for my formal induction into the Army Reserve—everything passed, everything with the Captain's O. K. upon it. The only barrier left was that same thought which had occupied my mind from the very beginning—is this action of receiving deferment the manly thing to do, the patriotic thing to do, and above all, the fair thing to do? I felt guilty—so guilty that I stopped Captain Johnston before he began with the formal oath of induction, and told him of the uncertainty that had been mine for the past few days. And Captain Johnston seemed to have a speech ready for such a question, a little speech which, it seemed, had been rehearsed many times, but which actually was as impromptu as my stopping him in the middle of his explanation on how to take the oath had been.

And this is what he had to say: "Son, you have spent two years in college, and this fall marks the beginning of your junior year. You have spent much time and money toward attaining that graduation goal and degree. And because you have only two more years of college, you have come to us and have asked us for deferment until your college work is completed. We have offered you this opportunity with the sincere hope that it can be fulfilled, because we realize one most important thing—that our nation, and the world in general, will need level-headed, clear-thinking, and educated young men after this war as never before.

(Continued on page 15)

Happy Endings

By NEIL MORGAN

SOMETIMES I think people are too anxious to see the worst in the world they moan and groan and say O how little time I have really to enjoy life and look for the beautiful things about me when there must be so much of the good in life and me missing it all.

This collection of happy endings is written especially for those busy people who walk right on by the flower garden and the dog kennel and the little kids playing in the sand and the sun shining on the wet leaves while they hurry on their way to find something beautiful and perfect that comes out with everybody living happily ever after and all the people glad to be alive. The reading time shouldn't be over just five or ten minutes and unless you've got just two minutes to catch that bus to go over to Raleigh to find a good time it might be worth your reading them Although I know you won't believe any of them really happened the way I say they did.

IN TWO ACTS
or
For You Will Come Back

Mary Hastychoice was a very pretty girl In fact she had all of the boys in school running after her with that certain look in their eyes like the boys in Boots and Her Buddies when Brother Billy comes home and hugs and kisses Boots when nobody else ever could. Well Mary couldnt make up her mind between two of the boys whom she liked very much and both of whom wanted to marry her right away One was a sandy haired fellow named Bill Goodfellow He played on the football team. The other was a dark good looking fellow named Oscar Neverstop whose daddy had lots of money he was an oil magnate with lots of tankers and oil wells and two big branch companies over in China.

Well to make a long story short Mary Hastychoice picked Oscar because he had so much money and promised to give her anything she wanted. They were married after commencement and Oscars daddy gave him control over the Southern division of his oil company Oscar became a busy executive and although Mary had everything she wanted in a way she didnt either. She never heard from Mr. Goodfellow except through mutual friends who said finally he had married another woman and they never had got along very well together They were always fussing and quarreling And sometimes Mary wished her husband had time even to quarrel with her. But anyhow he had time to give her two kids which she trained up very well and after many years the oldest one became a beautiful little fifteen year old girl who was very much like her mother and the other one became a fat little fellow who played football at junior high.

During all this time Marys husband Mr. Neverstop had been working very hard and the doctors said he must rest more that he was going to have severe heart trouble if he didnt take more vacations and relax some But he didnt pay any attention to the doctors and finally died leaving her with two kids and a house but as the war had just come on he had lost all his holdings in China and his tankers were being sunk every day So Mary had to take in boarders and work hard cleaning up the house and doing without maids and butlers so she could make enough money to send her pretty little girl to college and buy books for her fat little boy.

Along about this time everybody was being drafted and army camps were being built everywhere Mary sent her kids to bed one Saturday night and threw a big party for all her friends and everybody got tight.

Somehow with everybody talking so free one of the girls mentioned her old fellow Bill and asked her Have you seen Bill Goodfellow lately? And all of a sudden one of the men there a soldier said Yes he's a buck private now at an Army school over here at Wake Forest I heard somebody talking about him the other day.

Of course Mary could hardly control her excitement since both had been through so much and she was so lonesome now and needed somebody now that she was getting middleaged So she asked the soldier to bring Mr. Goodfellow over to a party some Saturday night And sure enough he came and got to telling Mary how he finally had divorced his wife after they quarrelled so many years and Mary told him about her two children and he said Mary I'd like to see the kids

So Goodfellow took a liking to the kids and the kids liked Goodfellow and Mary and he talked about how they had always been meant for each other anyhow and they got married one Saturday afternoon in a quiet little ceremony with the pretty little fifteen year old for maid of honor and the fat little football player for best man On Monday Goodfellow went back to Army school but every weekend he goes back to be with his family and they're Oh so happy and waiting for the war to be ever so they can start life over again.

NO! NOT ME!
or
It'd Better Be Me

The Rev. Mr. Wantpower was a bigtime preacher of a bigtime church because he had always managed to pull the legs of all the deacons or the stewards or whatever you call them and because when he shook your hand he first raised his arm way up in the air like he was about to ask the teacher a question and then swung it down against yours and almost knocked you over Then he would ask you Brother How are you today? I hope the Good Lord has been kind to you and that you are living a good clean righteous life God bless you

(Continued on page 14)

The Story I Forgot

By ENSIGN EUGENE BRISSIE

Dear Mr. Editor:

Once you own a typewriter at any time in life, you're sunk. Its presence will hound you while you're in the same room with it, and once you try to sell it or give it away, you'll find that the infernal piece of machinery refuses to be disposed with so easily.

In other words I used to own a typewriter and a key to THE STUDENT *office. Since the day I acquired both of them—and it was the same day—I haven't felt right unless I could be pounding the keys for a few hours a week at the very least.*

The two paragraphs above are a round about way of saying that I'm sending you an hour's work at a typewriter during a storm at sea. I came off a watch so intrigued by the racing gales and violent spray that whipped the old girl's forecastle into a frothy nose, that I determined to sit down and write a story about a storm at sea. I piddled with the typewriter a few moments, then sauntered off to another job. Shortly, the sea was calmer, the wind was dying down, and the water was turning blue again. My story had vanished. I had missed another one.

I idled an hour away putting down what you see here, a story that would have been written much better and more vividly if I had the practice of all the other stories I should have written behind me. So make of it what you will.

Perhaps it has a moral, this story: "Keep your typewriter in your hip pocket all the time." Whatever the moral may be, perhaps it will enable me—if I take heed—to write a good story some day. Something like "The Road to Murmansk," "Three-Day Aurora Borealis" or "Loch Lomond: 1942."

Sincerely yours,
Brissie

THIS IS the story I was going to write for the first issue of THE STUDENT that came out while I was a student at Wake Forest. That story I was always going to write, but somehow never got around to. Someone else wrote his similar story and called it *The Great American Novel*, a story that told about the stories he never got around to writing.

My story grew out of a chat I had several days ago with the "Padre," an affectionate name we have for the chaplain aboard ship. We had been talking about unforgettable characters in the course of our lives thus far, and he happened to mention Robert St. John, an ex-bookstore keeper (author of *From the Land of Silent People*) whom he had known rather well. St. John, he said, has the facility of creating indelible impressions, drawn from actual experience.

Then I remembered the description St. John had used in his story of the fall of Greece, especially his picture of fear and unrest on the Island of Corfu. I also recalled his vivid description of several nights in an open boat on the sea. I think I can understand the sensations he experienced, to a minor degree at least.

"You know, it's almost incomprehensible how tightly shut the conquered countries have been in these few years," the Padre continued. "War began in September of 1939 and this is only 1942."

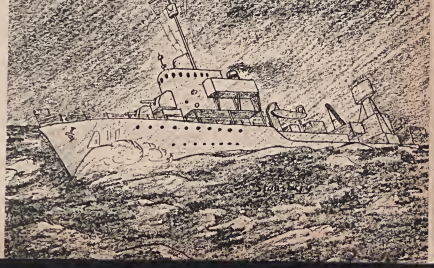
My first impulse was to shout: "Only since 1939!" I wondered for a moment if I could remember what the world was like before the war broke out. Then I settled down enough mentally to realize that changes have taken place unbelievably fast.

—And I thought back of an experience I had in July, 1939. That was the month in which I had met Aleksy, the Polish lieutenant whom I haven't heard from in three years now. I once wrote a brief story about him, and the same issue of THE STUDENT carried an article about Dr. Benjamin Sledd, his visit to England during the last World War. At the same time I wrote about Aleksy, I recalled a lunch at the World's Fair that same July in 1939, when a group of the internationals were getting together to promote good will. There was the Pole, a Greek chap by the name of Chris Chachis, who came from the Apostle Paul's Thessalonike, an Egyptian, from the University of Cairo, named Ebrahim Mansoury, and myself—all at the same table. We planned a reunion in Warsaw in 1944, jokingly. At that time we were dining on the roof of the magnificent French Pavilion, where we could look out on the British, Russian, Turkish, Swedish, Czechoslovakian, Polish and Italian buildings.

What we said then didn't matter particularly, though running through all conversation there was a thread of realization that our reunion plans were sheer jokes. Nervous eyes foretold days of hardship and tragedy that was to come to some of us, but we laughed and joked. We drank Italian wine, I think it was, and told British jokes.

That was a story I never got around to writing, and

(Continued on page 11)



Movie House Culture

The "Pass the Popcorn" Kids And Back Row Quarterbacks Have Made a Significant Contribution To Local Culture.

By H. B. PARROTT

ONE OF THE most popular diversions among men of leisure on the Wake Forest campus is attending the cinema. Each afternoon about 2:45 and each evening about 6:45, a small select group gathers at the main entrance of the Forest Theatre to await the start of the entertainment. While thus assembled many topics of major importance are discussed such as the merits of the "Strip Polka" song and the finer points of blackjack.

These comments are of minor value, however, because the more sophisticated have learned to withhold their opinions until inside the theatre. Once the curtain goes up, they launch a series of brilliant criticisms and observations which, as they are all in the best of taste, add greatly to the enjoyment of the audience.

Of course, the nature of these remarks is determined largely by the type of picture being shown. Intensely serious and dramatic situations are well-liked. Scenes of this kind are greeted with restrained guffaws and horse laughs. Bronx cheers and raspberries are also quite common. Comic situations, on the other hand, are received in stony silence, unless the hero is struck in the face with an overripe egg or the heroine falls head first into some cake batter. Then it is considered proper to exhibit unusual mirth. At no time does a true Wake Forest man dare to breach the rules of theatre etiquette.

The one possible exception to this rule are the student instructors. They usually maintain an aloof, pseudo-sophisticated glare. Sometimes they will condescend to leer at an incompetent actor or an actress whose technique is not up to par, but they will never smile. This is considered very bad taste, and is frowned upon by the more discerning students.

Accepted behavior at any performance includes rattling peanut bags, carrying on a continuous conversation, and draping legs and feet over the nearest empty seat. Gum, Coca-Cola, and popcorn are standard equipment for all shows. Chewing tobacco is a somewhat rare luxury that must be limited to a chosen few. It has been found that a large

amount of tobacco juice makes the floor slippery and is annoying to the barefooted customers.

Saturday is the red letter event in the life of the local movie fan, because Saturday is "Western movie time" or more simply, "Horse opera day." On this occasion waves of unbridled bliss sweep through the entire audience as evidenced by loud snores (real or imitation) and the clatter of horses' hooves on the screen echoed by the staccato crunching of peanuts in the balcony.

Toward the climax of the picture, the audience becomes very excited. When the hero comes thundering down the wagon-trail to overtake the runaway stage coach containing his lady-love, the gum-chewers shift into extra-high and the faster the horses run, the faster the popcorn disappears. But even this stirring situation does not receive the soulful appreciation given a knock-down, drag-out, free-for-all fight. The typical attitude in this case is like that of the freshman, perched on the edge of his seat, his eyes shining, who broke out in an excited, choked voice, "Oh Lord!"

For the benefit of those who may not be exactly sure of what is expected of them at a Wake Forest movie, here are a few examples of how the more refined students have conducted themselves at recent performances.

Dorothy Lamour appeared on the screen clad only in a sarong and a pair of sultry, blue eyes. Eyebrows went up like Venetian blinds, and a series of long whistles and much stomping of the feet greeted her. This is the highest form of compliment that a local audience could have paid her.

Ann Sheridan came flouncing into the room in a very revealing gown. A witty individual gave forth with several short, sharp, eager barks.

The true humorist, however, is the one who displays such talent as this. An amorous young newly-wed strode down the hall of the hotel in his dressing gown and knocked on the door of his former sweetheart. Quick as a flash, a guy yelled, "Timber!" amid a burst of applause.

Another highly-favored genius is the "back row quarterback," a chap so called because of his uncanny ability to forecast the outcome of the story, or better still, to predict it scene by scene. The qualifications for such a distinction are a moist wit (not too dry), a rapid fire delivery, and a PA (public address system) voice. A cheap imitation of the "back row quarterback" is the "drool," a person who has seen the show previously and announces the ending during the first scene.

Students also like to give risque interpretations to as much of the dialog as possible. Any scene in which an abundance of feminine pulchritude is displayed receives

(Continued on page 16)

Working On The Flag.
Campus coeds turned Betsy Ross.

A New School Symbol

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

FLYING directly underneath "Old Glory" from the mastpole beside the social science building on Homecoming Day this year was a new symbol, a new representative of Wake Forest College. Eleven campus coeds had turned Betsy Ross and had designed and stitched a college flag, the first in the history of the institution.

The idea for such a flag, arising from a press night discussion in the *Old Gold and Black* office, was that same night discussed among several coeds, and the next day these diligent misses started to work sketching out rough designs on paper. Suggestions varied from a lace-edged old gold and black heart to a solid black flag with a gold bar running through the center. And finally, from several different rough designs, one was chosen to submit to the executive committee of the faculty for approval. One of the soldiers of the Finance School offered to make the final sketch for submission. The rough draft which he was to copy had a gold stripe at the top, a black one at the bottom, and the college seal in the upper left hand corner, but at the apt suggestion of some of the soldiers, the seal was pulled over to the middle of the flag.

Upon presentation to the executive committee, the plan passed through without a hitch, and Wake Forest's Betsy Rosses began working to change an idea to the real thing. Miss Lois Johnson, dean of women, donated the old gold and black wool material for the flag.

Coeds Helen Campfield, Lois Bradley, Viola Hopkins, Audrey Mundorf, Betty Williams, Martha Ann Allen, Beth Perry, Jo Henry, Iris Willis, Willie Ruth Edwards, and Frances Cox immediately began work. Some could use a sewing machine, some could embroider, and others could just cut.

Saturday morning of Homecoming day five were frantically working all at once, whipping on letters and hemming the edges. A quick dash by Wilkinson's

(Continued on page 14)

Scandal in the Art Gallery

Young Gus Caesar, Caught in the Clutches of Four Famous Beauties, Wiggles and Squirms and Looks for an Exit.

By ED WILSON

FOR MONTHS the busts of four women stood in the Simmons Art Gallery without male companionship. These ladies were famous ones: Sappho, the Greek poetess; Laura, the girl of Petrarch's sonnets; Beatrice, Dante's inspiration; and Joan of Arc, the savior of France. Then, one day, without warning, a few weeks ago, Augustus Caesar came into their midst. Condescendingly and with a degree of aloofness, he took his place with the ladies.

Of course it was Sappho who spoke first. Carelessly she glanced at Augustus and began: "Immortal Aphrodite of the broidered throne, daughter of Zeus, weaver of wiles, I pray thee break not my spirit with anguish and distress, O Queen. Come, I pray thee, now too, and release me from cruel cares."

At this, Augustus roused himself long enough to utter "Quid inferno?" then lapsed back into his old indifferent air as if to say, "Divites damnare atque domare, what kind of a mess have I sailed into now? A loony female running off her mouth about some infernal Greek Venus! Before long she'll be chanting a hymn to the sun. Ye gods, I wish I were back in the Forum."

Beatrice was more outspoken. Looking at Sappho with scorn, she cried out as loudly and as vehemently as her ladylike manners would allow her to: "Thou and thine Aphrodite! Pagan nonsense! What dost thou know about love? With thee it's so much sensual pleasure. Thou art ranting on about thy heathen goddess who doesn't even exist and telling the whole world about thine emotions. Is thy love on such a low plane that thou stoopest to shout it out to all who would listen? Nay, I would prefer rather to look it in my heart, away from the contamination of those damned souls who can't even get a chance in purgatory. Love is purely of the spirit; it's sacred. Oh, if Dante were only with us, he could tell thee of its uplift."

The Roman Emperor stared in increasing wonderment. "And now the Salvation Army enters. What an unbelievably pious spectacle she makes. I should have had her for my morality campaign. She could have shown those Roman wenches a thing or two. But truly she must be handing us some jive."

The "Deacon Beacon," news organ of the Baptist Student Union, is reported to be planning an editorial campaign denouncing an immoral condition existing in the Simmons Art Gallery and demanding an investigation by the administration. According to the "Beacon," one man is there alone and unchaperoned with four beautiful women, who are even now practicing their wiles upon him. Such moral laxity is not in keeping with the principles of Wake Forest College, the "Deacon Beacon" asserts, and unless the administration immediately remedies the situation, they should reexamine the oaths they took upon entering office.

Before he could completely recover his equilibrium, already handed a terrific blow by Sappho and Beatrice, Laura had turned, eyes lowered, in the direction of the poetess and had calmly and contemplatively spoken: "You both are on the wrong track. I agree with Beatrice about Sappho's ideas. But then she tries to do away completely with love in the open, and that's bad. After all, if love is spiritual, it has the power of overcoming worldly contamination. It should be sung about and praised, perhaps in sonnets. Fourteen lines can do much to win a lady's heart and to consummate love. Ah, how well Petrarch knew to court with verse."

This was almost too much for Augustus. His pedestal began to shake from top to bottom. "Believe it or not, a rational woman. Another Daniel, by Hercules. She should have known old Cicero. But, meus deus, who is this fourth girl? And what does she see up there on the ceiling? A bird?"

The object of Augustus' attention was Joan of Arc, who as usual had her eyes turned toward heaven, whence she received her inspiration. Acting almost as if she hadn't heard what the others had said, as if it were of no account she said with intense emotion: "All of you talk about mere men, and you think you appreciate love. Have you ever ridden at the head of a whole host of men, all following you not as lovers but as brother patriots? Have you ever felt your heart throb with any passion other than physical love for man? Do you know the thrill of serving your country with all the power in you and of giving up all you have, even your life, for a cause that is noble and not petty and artificial? If only you had seen the heart of France as I have!"

For the first time Caesar listened almost attentively. While not even Joan of Arc could change the impassionate Augustus' attitude toward women in general, this girl struck a note not yet touched by any of the rest. Maybe she did feel some of the "amor patriae" which meant so much to him. "But she's nothing but a woman. She couldn't fight and lead men like a soldier. And yet if she's descended from those Gauls of Uncle Julius'. . . ."

While young Augustus gasps with astonishment at the four women and they in turn search his features for

some signs of heeding their words, it would be well to take a few minutes to inform our patient reader of what has gone before in the lives of these characters.

Sappho, the oldest of the group, was born in 612 B. C. on the island of Lesbos near Greece. She came of a good, if not aristocratic family, and at some time in her life married a wealthy man named Circylas, by whom she had a daughter, whom she named Cleis. Very little is known of her life, except that she lived to be an old woman and that she wrote poetry and left behind her nine volumes of verse, of which we have only a few fragments and perhaps two complete lyrics. She was described by the Greek lyric poet, Alcaeus, as the "violet-wearing, pure, softly smiling Sappho." Today she is regarded as the greatest poetess of all time, a distinction given her in spite of the fact that practically none of her poetry is extant.

Beatrice is known to the world through the pages of the writings of the great fourteenth century Italian poet, Dante. In real life, she was Beatrice de Portinari. Dante first saw her when both of them were nine years old, and at that moment the spirit of his life said tremblingly, "Here is a deity stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule over me." From that time on, Dante's whole life was governed by his spiritual love for this girl. Nine years later he saw her again, and this time she spoke to him for the first and perhaps only time. After that meeting, he was "given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature." But she married another, and at the age of twenty-four she died. Dante was crushed; he tried to find happiness in marriage with another, but his heart had been given to Beatrice and he could never get it back. To honor her he wrote his *Divine Comedy,* in which Beatrice is his eternal inspiration, drawing him upward to heaven in spite of himself.

Laura we also know comparatively little about. She was a beautiful Italian lady of the fourteenth century and was like Beatrice the inspiration for some excellent poetry. Her greatest admirer was Petrarch, who first saw her in a church in Avignon, when she was twenty-two, he twenty-three. From then on, Petrarch began to write sonnets and address them to her. Both of them were married, and they never had any physical relationship, but Petrarch always had a spiritual love for her, much as Dante had had for Beatrice. "Her youthful loveliness might be called heavenly. Blessed were those who saw her life! She walked with eyelashes, black as ebony, lowered; when she raised them, the sun-like radiance of Her glance left him amazed for eternity. . . ." In his old Age Petrarch wrote: "I no longer think of anything but of Her; let her then hasten our meeting in heaven, for she draws and calls me to her!" Laura had died several decades earlier, a victim of the Black Plague which swept Europe.

Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans," was born in Domremy, France, in 1412. As a young girl she heard "voices" which told her to go and fight for her country, then at war with England in one phase of the bloody Hundred Years War. Responding to the call, she led men to battle and to subsequent victories against the British until she was captured as a witch and in 1431 burned at the stake. While many historians have perhaps treated her too reverently, she was doubtless a courageous and devout woman with a great quantity of common sense and simple faith. When she was asked at her trial, "Do you consider yourself in a state of grace?" she replied unhesitatingly, "If I am not, may God bring me there; If I am, may He keep me there.

The Emperor and His Women.
He Was No Don Juan.

I should be the unhappiest person on earth if I thought that I were not in His grace."

Our hero, young Augustus Caesar, was unquestionably one of history's greatest men. Emperor of Rome during one of the world's most brilliant eras, Augustus fostered the Golden Age of Roman civilization. Himself a rather unemotional fellow, he cared little for women. His first wife, Scribonia, he divorced because she bore him a daughter instead of a son. His second wife, Livia, was the mother of Augustus' stepson, the Emperor Tiberius. Not even seductive Cleopatra made any impression on this Caesar; he was too busy with affairs of the Empire to have time for such paramours.

Since their deaths Sappho, Beatrice, Laura, Joan, and Augustus had spent quiet, undisturbed lives until sculptors had recaptured their features in marble. Then life had become once more active. For them all, horizons were broadened. They saw the world and all of the wonders of twentieth century America. Augustus was particularly impressed by modern inventions and by the magnitude of our World War. He had traveled the streets of the United States and heard their inhabitants talk, picking up some of their vernacular and adding it to his own vocabulary.

But now, we must turn back to our hero as he seeks to settle the dilemma facing him.

By now, Augustus had become thoroughly disgusted with his company. With a look of resignation as if fate had placed him in a position from which there was clearly no escape, he averted his attention fully from the ladies and fell into a mood of isolation and reminiscence. His thoughts appeared to be miles away as he once again saw in his mind's eye the grandeur of his Rome and once more dwelled on its power and beauty.

Sappho, despite her emotional nature, had always generally disregarded Augustus until he appeared so obviously apathetic. Now it began to hurt her sensitive nature that he was cold to her poems of passion, and she summoned her lady friends to her as she called out again in her familiar manner: "O Aphrodite, I pray thee relieve my spirit from its woes. Quickly speed to my aid from heaven through mid sky and around the dark earth. Arrive and lift me up, saying, 'What beauty now wouldst thou draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee, Sappho?' And I will answer before thine immortal countenance what has befallen me and why I call and what in my weak heart I most desire to see. If thou wilt be my ally. . . ."

Augustus only glared and showed his teeth. "If Uncle Julius were in my place, what a lark he would have. For truly these are all snappy numbers. No time would he waste if such words of passion came knocking him in the face as this crazed woman is now letting loose at me and Aphrodite. I hope Aphrodite gets a kick out of it; I surely don't."

The religious nature of Beatrice could not remain silent as Sappho kept on with her prayer to the goddess of love, and again she interrupted vigorously: "Cease thine infidel invocation! Art thou trying to start another woman's club like the one thou hadst at Lesbos? Should we all love thee? Shall we obey thy commands?

STUDENTS!

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- White and Fancy Shirts
- Wind Breakers
- McGregor Sweaters
- Casual Topcoats
- Rain Toppers
- Reversibles
- Nu-Weave Socks
- Men's Hickok Jewelry

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It will take more than Aphrodite to make him or us pay any mind to thee. See how he is rapt! If it is on the spiritual that he thinks, then indeed he is blessed. But if, as I fear, he meditates on faraway bodily pleasures, then he needs a Beatrice to elevate him. But not this Beatrice; she has her Dante."

Augustus mentally beat his brains out. "What manner of woman is this? The mighty Augustus need anyone to help him to go anywhere? To heaven or to hell? I like her nerve!"

It was Laura who suggested the most simple approach. "Just leave him alone. It is not in woman's place to run after man. She should hold herself far out of reach, allow him to make love to her, notice him only once in a while to keep him from giving up completely. Become his goddess, his inspiration. If he scorns you, don't bother about it; there are other fish in the sea."

The Emperor was better pleased with this. "At least she'll let me alone, for I'll certainly never annoy her. If there are any other male fish in this sea, though, I wish they would show themselves; I'd like some company. Frankly, my choice of this crew, if I have one, is this French girl. She has no time for me; that's the way it should be."

Augustus was right about that. Joan of Arc remained silent, a look of unbounded joy coming over her face. A new work of art had just come into the gallery, and wrapped around it was a newspaper carrying the words of President Roosevelt on the African offensive: "We are being joined by large numbers of the fighting men of our traditional ally, France. On this day, of all days, it is heartening for us to know that the soldiers of France go forward with the United Nations. Yes, the forces of liberation are advancing. The opponents of decency and justice have passed their peak. Today they face inevitable, final defeat." This was what really counted. All the men in the world were naught in comparison.

But Sappho did not care about any war America and France were in; she had a war in her own soul that meant much more to her. And so she kept invoking her gods. And Beatrice moralized. And Laura tried to reason with them both. And Joan of Arc looked toward heaven. And young Gus slowly went mad.

The Story I Forgot

(Continued from page 5)

now I often wonder what happened to the other three. Two of them have had their countries conquered, and the third now faces the German Army of the desert.

Some few months later I interviewed Dr. Charles Lee Smith in Raleigh, and wrote a story about the man (and his library) who had been editor of THE STUDENT fifty years before me. In the month and year that followed I intended to write a story about his art, a story about his visits to the palaces of rulers—especially India's Gandhi. But time never allowed me, I told myself. Pirandello would probably have written the story anyway.

I tried my hand on a few short stories and turned out a picture of a Viennese Jew in a new land. I interviewed and dedicated an issue of the magazine to Dr. Paschal. Nights later when I used to walk by his office on the North side of Wait Hall and see him through the window writing page after page on the History of Wake Forest College, I often planned in my mind a story of this man's mythical travels in the language he knew so well. Greek. I pictured him standing over the mounds of old Nineveh, in a land that had been named Larissa by Xenophon, centuries before the Christian Era. His country; his language.

All during the next year I walked to and from my graduate classes and turned over stories in my mind. Springtime and Juniper blossoms on Pine Street, then Magnolia blossoms that fell on the red-brick pathways across the campus. Stories have settings like these, I thought. Now and then I wandered into the Med School and watched the students work over the "stiffs" and I outlined and wrote the first draft of a story of a new "Arrowsmith."

During the Summer, as a newspaper reporter, I planned to write fictional blends with stories-that-told-themselves about men whom I saw executed in Central Prison, Negroes I saw dragged into City Police courts, and of a slot-machine king who got rich off the nickels he received from the poor and wealthy alike.

Last Autumn I once heard 100,000 voices at Soldier's Field in Chicago blend in singing "There's a

(Continued on page 14)

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The Story I Forgot

(Continued from page 11)

Long-Long Trail A-Winding" at the Autumn Music Festival. There was a story in the lakeside scene, the sound of thousands of voices, some no better than my own. In the days and weeks that followed there were stories in the walks I took along Michigan Avenue at midnight, the ships I imagined I saw on the horizon of the lake, the gay laughter that rang out from homes and apartment houses at Christmastime. I found myself scribbling on bits of note paper, scribbling descriptions of the elevated train ride from Edgewater Beach to Chicago Avenue, the deserted appearance of the 59th Street, South, I. C. Station at 4 a. m., the rising temperature of my blood when we paraded on Armistice day.

In January I boarded a ship in a snowstorm, felt lonely and slightly afraid. I could have written a story about the first time I saw a harbor draw behind us when we sailed out. And I think I could write a book about midwatches when the sea is rough and the wind whips spray over every topside station. And yet I couldn't. Too many have tried the sea.

"Yep, Padre," I said to our chaplain that night, "some characters you never forget, it seems."

Then I remembered where I had seen the Padre himself at times. Church time at sea, when the men squatted by gun stands and heard him talk and pray. I had seen them bow and I had heard him play the ship's piano. One night I saw a young sailor looking for him because he needed sound advice, and again I saw him organizing a ship's dance for the men while we were in port.

The Padre. There's a story in that man.

Happy Endings

(Continued from page 4)

Amen Then he would push you aside and reach for the next sucker.

Mrs. Wantpower liked her husband to have big offices and big churches because then she was invited out to all the big teas at Mrs. Seekmore Notice's and Miss Uneeda Hubby's places.

So she helped the Rev. Mr. Wantpower campaign to be elected the chief bigwig of the Church in the whole State. Well it took years But finally the big conference came and there were just two candidates the Rev. Mr. Wantpower who by now was quite well-known and a little country preacher that hadnt made much of a name for himself but was quite a regular fellow named Straightface. Now Mrs. Wantpower and her husband were quite sure that he would be elected Now she could go to all the biggest functions and maybe she could have just one little drink or two at some of the more elite affairs to correspond with her position.

When he was nominated therefore the Rev. Mr. Wantpower got up and told the conference that he didnt really think he was worthy of the position That he had given his whole life to serving rather than to seeking position and that he hardly would know what to do in office So the people decided that part of what he said was right and elected the little country preacher named Straightface.

Then theres the one about the guy in college that thought he could write He got his typewriter one bright Sunday afternoon and started shooting the bull He hoped the College Editor would print it and sure enough he did

New School Symbol

(Continued from page 7)

cleaners for a press job to smooth over the rough spots, and the flag was taken to Dean D. B. Bryan for approval.

It was officially adopted as the Wake Forest College flag, and was hoisted up the mast to fly with the star spangled banner till retreat. Saturday night it was displayed across the front of the press box during the Wake Forest-Clemson football game for the students, alumni, and visitors to witness.

Embedded in the center of the flag is the college seal, which in itself explains the purpose of Wake Forest College to the world.

This seal, a familiar sight to all students but completely blank in meaning to the majority, was presented to the Board of Trustees by Dr. Charles E. Taylor and President W. M. Poteat on December 11, 1909 and adopted. Miss Ida B. Poteat, then Professor of Art in the Baptist University for Women in Raleigh (now Meredith College) drew the plan, and it appeared for the first time on the cover of the Midwinter Number of the College Bulletin in January of 1909.

The entire seal is centered around the monogram in the center, which is a combination of the first two letters (XP—Chi and Rho) of *Christos*, the Greek form of Christ, and the Greek Alpha and Omega (beginning and ending). This adaptation of the *X* with the *P* through the center and extended at the top is called the monogram of Constantine, who adopted it in 312 A. D. after his conversion to Christianity in commemoration of his miraculous vision of the cross in the sky, and made it his official flag. Constantine did not invent this symbol, for it had been a familiar Christian symbol prior to his conversion, but he is accredited with it because of the great popularity it enjoyed from the date of its appearance on imperial standards. This labarum in its

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original was a purple silk banner hanging from a cross piece on a pike and surmounted by a golden crown.

The rest of the College seal is built around this symbol, the labarum. The rays of light issuing from the monogram suggest that Christ is the light of the world, and that Wake Forest College is an agent of its dissemination. Dr. George W. Paschal suggested the "Pro Humanitate" which means "for the benefit of minkind."

The college seal has found a new home in the center of the new college flag. A seal whose origin dates back to the time of Constantine in 312 A. D. is equally at home on the flag of 1942, for it declares the purpose of Wake Forest College to the world—a college, built on Christianity whose aim is to make this world a better place in which to live by means of the students which it annually sends out from its ancient halls into all walks of life.

Off the Keyboard

(Continued from page 1)

Wake Forest without a win for six years, for looking strong in defeat, powerful in victory, working in unison throughout every contest. They have worn the old gold and black in a manner that Wake Forest can justly feel proud of, now and in the years to come.

Our hats are off to Coach Walker and his 1942 Demon Deacons.

I Take the Army Oath

(Continued from page 3)

And, for that matter, the armed forces need such educated young men for officer material even today.

"You know, Santford, I don't believe for one minute that our President meant to be showing favoritism to the college few, when he put emphasis on letting college men remain at their tasks as long as possible; but rather, I believe the Commander-in-Chief understood, better than anyone else, the type of enemy we are fighting in this war—heathen, villainous, blood thirsty as they are. And knowing that type as he did, he realized that many of their seeds of revenge which they are constantly planting today will probably pop up some day after the war.

"In view of that fact, President Roosevelt knows exactly what is to be required of America after this war, if she is to ascend into the chair of universal peace-keeper—educated men, with world peace as their prime objective, and with utility, liberty, and harmony as their trinity of objectives. And undoubtedly, the President believes that our America can take that lead of world peace promoter, only under the condition that our leaders of tomorrow, who are the college youth of today, can best train themselves through a thorough education in those attitudes, thoughts, and habits of precise justice and liberal tolerance toward all peoples and races, no matter what color, no matter what locality. And the post-war world will need men with liberal educations, based upon the one peace-retaining element—tolerance!

"You must also realize, Son," continued Captain Johnston, "that the cost of war is actually a mortgage on future generations—not only in material things (dollars and cents), but also in terms of morals and culture. And the lifting of this mortgage on our morals and culture will be left up mainly to the young college men, who have received a thorough education in the sciences and the arts. So go back to college, study conscientiously, and learn new things and new ideas, and above all, learn to reason sensibly. And last, I say, remember that the spirit of America, for which you may fight in the very near future, is the spirit of exploration, of rearrangement, and of improvement. And that spirit can reach its maximum potency only through the new ideas, the trained thoughts, and the tolerant attitudes which can be found best in the college-trained man.

"As you study, remember that war doesn't last forever. And after it's all over, then it will be a matter of your applying the education which we are allowing you to continue. And, for your own sake, don't develop the slacker's complex, don't feel that you are being allowed an unfair advantage over those boys of whom you spoke —those who can't go to college. After all, we all have our distinctive places in this thing. So be proud of the step you're about to take, a member of the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the United States Army, and work toward the end of being a good soldier when your time comes; but above all, a good level-headed citizen in a turbulent, revolution-minded world after it's all over."

Captain Johnston turned to his left and lifted a pamphlet from his desk.

"Repeat after me," he said: "I, Santford Wingate Martin, Jr., do solemnly swear to uphold. . . ."

And thus he continued to read the oath of induction, as I followed with the proper "yes sir's" and "no sir's."

It wasn't hard to join the Reserve now. It wasn't with a feeling of guilt or a lack of patriotism; but rather it was with pride and thankfulness, knowing that I was being offered an opportunity to learn better how to be a more efficient soldier and how to be a good citizen in a post-war democracy, which, I thought as I strolled down the hall, will insist that men be ranked on the chart of humanity not by place or wealth, but by essentials, such as intelligence, character and ability.

I left the government building with a new feeling, a new and mammoth thought, just as exalting as the other one of guilt had been depressing: I'm doing my part by getting a fuller education. And all college students are doing their part if they are studying conscientiously. For today, it's either study or fight!

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THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 3

DECEMBER

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties *(200 cigarettes)*. This gay gift package *(below)*, with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

TO MILLIONS of smokers, to many of your friends, Christmas isn't quite complete without a gift of Camels. Make it complete with a carton *(left)*—the famous Camel Christmas Carton of 10 packs of 20's that says "Merry Christmas" in every flavorful puff. It's ready to give, handsomely packaged, with space for your holiday greeting.

HE'LL BE PROUD to receive, you'll be proud to present this Christmas-packaged pound canister of mild, tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco *(below)*. The National Joy Smoke always gets a joyous welcome—so rich-looking in its Christmas jacket—richer-tasting in his pipe!

CAMELS. It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember *all* your friends this Christmas with Camels.

PRINCE ALBERT. Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.

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ON OUR cover this issue, seated at his desk in a pose that is familiar to all who know him, is Professor Robert Bruce White, M.A., who officially retired last spring from teaching duties in the Wake Forest Law School at the age of 70 and thereby rang down the curtain on 26 years of distinguished service to the town and to the college of Wake Forest.

THE STUDENT takes pleasure in dedicating this issue of the magazine to the man who has been a sturdy pillar of the local law school for so long; who has aided instrumentally in shoving it up to standards that compare favorably with those of other law schools of the country; who has impressed colleagues, students, and legislative leaders of the state in such a manner that they have only the highest commendation for him; whose progressive ideas and liberal attitude have been important factors in moulding the personalities of the graduates the law school has turned out during his time.

His liberal attitude and progressive outlook have been key elements of his character from the day he enrolled in Wake Forest College at the age of fourteen; in his school days he foresaw the future of fraternities at Wake Forest, becoming a member of Kappa Alpha long before fraternities were legalized here; and after graduation during his career as a teacher and as a lawyer, his work may be summed up in one word: *progress!* No more need be said about his work as a member of the faculty of the law school here.

Today he takes his place on the list of retired professors, after 26 years of distinguished service to the college and town, carrying with him a highly honored and respected name in his profession.

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX — NUMBER 3

DECEMBER 1942

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Dr. E. E. Folk ..... *Faculty Adviser*
Dr. H. B. Jones ..... *Faculty Adviser*
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In This Issue

Strictly Incidental 2
Timely bits of campus lore

The Flying Colonel 3
He leads another team on touchdown jaunts

Profs and Comic Strips ..... H. B. Parrott 4
Captain Easy's tops with the faculty

The Class of '43 ..... John McMillan 6
The largest freshman class has dwindled to sixty

They Wouldn't Understand ..... Elizabeth Jones 7
A defense of puppy love

Professor Robert Bruce White 8-9
The Teacher ..... Herbert Thompson
The Man ..... Neil Morgan

Red Slippers ..... Martha Ann Allen 11
They bring joy and sorrow

The Pledge ..... Arthur Earley 15
A dramatic poem

Photographer: Bob Gallimore, Jim Middleton

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Strictly Incidental

• *Short men are the victims of many mishaps,* and diminutive, stumpy little Shelton Carl Canter, staunch GOP supporter, is one who will readily admit that he has had his share, that well ought his theme song be "Everything Happens to Me." And truly he has a strong argument for being woeful. Six weeks ago little man Canter, who has felt the hot breath of his draft board on his neck for some time now, journeyed over to the Raleigh office of the Naval Reserve to enlist and be deferred, lest Uncle Sam get him before graduation time in January. Short man Canter passed everything with flying colors but, yes . . . the height requirement; he measured 5 feet 3¾ inches—one quarter of an inch too short.

Never giving up hope though, he returned to Wake Forest and began a series of stretching exercises, frequenting the gymnasium three times per week regularly, going through every exercise imaginable which might help him to lengthen his body that last quarter of an inch required to pass the examination. Then he was ready; he could pass it now. When the Reserve enlistment officers came to the college several weeks ago, he sauntered up, all necessary application blanks in readiness, confident that he would make the grade. Right off hand the examiner asked: "Little man, how tall are you? Step over to the wall and let's measure you before we start anything else." Smiling triumphantly, short man Canter marched over to the wall, stood erect. But alas! He was now *one-half* an inch too short . . . he had shrunk another quarter of an inch!

Dejected, but nonetheless still hopeful, Canter continued his visits to the gymnasium and his stretching exercises with even more effort this time. He was going to Norfolk in a couple of weeks to try out; he had heard that requirements were more lax there. Then the final blow came to little man Canter. He learned last week that all reserves were closed up, that draft boards would handle all manpower now as they saw fit. He was out in the cold.

A merry Christmas, little man: you well deserve it.

• *We can't exactly swear* to the absolute veracity of this incident, but it does come to us as straight stuff. It seems that one of Wake Forest's well-known spinsters was passing the afternoon in conversation with a student recently when the discussion drifted around to the subject of the many Wake Forest students now leaving for service in the armed forces. Several boys were mentioned as having departed for Uncle Sam's army recently, and then the lady chanced to mention a boy she had heard so much about lately but one whom she did not know. "Green was his name," said she, "'Lucky Strike' Green, I believe they called him!"

• *Comic drawings for the "Profs and Comic Strips" article* found on pp. 4-5 of this issue were done by Lambda Chi Alpha's Frank Todd, who got out of bed to come to our rescue two hours before the deadline. Students who have noticed political posters around election time during the past three years will recall that Todd is an artist par excellence when it comes to drawing comic strip characters. Those in this issue are typical of his work in that line.

• *By way of commendation,* THE STUDENT recognizes College Music Director Thane McDonald for giving the college one of the best music concerts in recent years in the Church auditorium Thursday night, December 3. Music Director McDonald has rounded out this year one of the finest musical groups the college has seen recently. He has introduced two completely new elements to the collegiate musical world at Wake Forest with the Little Symphony Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club, both of which in our opinion gave an excellent performance that night. The male glee club was topflight. Particularly commendable is the way in which Maestro McDonald has worked with the members of the various musical organizations, rather as one of the boys than the traditional, stiff, proud collegiate musical director. Our hats are off to him.

• *All Japs are Japs to us,* and yellow pigs at that, but we feel it our duty in this case to put the public in the know about one certain Nipponese, a Wake Forest graduate in 1910. As a farewell gesture to publications, army bound Old Gold and Black editor Bob Gallimore was doing an article, a "Remember Pearl Harbor" number, for this issue of THE STUDENT on K. Akiyama, now Lt. Colonel Kunio Akiyama, "official spokesman for the Japanese army," whom the *News and Observer* sometime ago featured on the front page as a graduate of Wake Forest College in 1910. Writer Gallimore had all information in tow for his story and was ready to start writing when he noticed the given name of the Jap. The Japanese spokesman is Kunio Akiyama; the Wake grad, Konosuke Akiyama. But rather than allow a given name to smother a good story, Gallimore accosted Dr. H. B. Jones of the English Department (Wake Forest 1910 and a classmate of Kono-

(Continued on page 5)

The Flying Colonel

Former WF Blocking Back Now Paves The Way on Greater Touchdown Jaunts.

THE SPEAKER arose, walked toward the front of the rostrum, spread his feet wide apart, looked all about him at the many excited and thrilled expectant faces, and waited for the applause to die down.

Colonel Frank Armstrong had returned home.

With a nervous look toward the man who had introduced him, and with a calm, steady voice, he said: "I don't exactly know how to begin, Dr. Kitchin. I wish Murray Greason were standing behind me. Then I'd feel more like I was running interference."

Thus Frank Armstrong, the athlete — an athlete in his school days in the early '20's, when he paved the way for Murray Greason and the Demon Deacons of that year to cross the goal line the many times that led them to the State Championship in 1924, and an athlete today as he leads a much bigger, more powerful team to touchdown after touchdown, over enemy territory in Europe—began his speech to the throng of students, professors, and townspeople who crowded into the church auditorium two weeks ago to hear him.

Many of the people who heard Colonel Armstrong speak, and who knew him in his college days, probably remembered him as the 180-pound college athlete from Hobgood, N. C., of the early '20's—the lad who played first base and captained the baseball team his senior year in college, who was so far in front of competitors that he was the only man mentioned on the mythical All-State nine of 1925, who ran from the wingback position on the football team and blocked the path clear of would-be tacklers for his running mates, who, although he wasn't in all games, due to injuries, was one of the most valuable men in the backfield on the championship team, and was considered the best blocking back Wake Forest ever had, one of the best defensive players in the state.

Coach Murray Greason remembers Colonel Armstrong as an excellent athlete, a stalwart, dependable teammate in football and baseball, one of the hardest hitting blocking backs he has ever seen play.

For five years Frank Armstrong played football and baseball, was manager of the Law basketball team, on the special gym team. A candidate for a B.S. degree, he graduated in the spring of 1925. *The Howler* of that year went so far as to predict him as "Coaching athletics in the Durham Public Schools."

After graduation from Wake Forest he did teach and coach, but at Selma, N. C. Growing restless with this occupation, he soon traded his teacher's certificate for a pair of wings in the Army Air Corps in 1928. Soon after he earned his wings, he served as pilot for Admiral Byrd. Regarded as one of the best pilots in the country, he piloted Army "bosses" around for some time. For four and one-half years, he served as an instructor in the Air Corps.

In November 1935, while stationed at Albrook Field in the Panama Canal Zone, Colonel Armstrong (then Captain Armstrong) performed a heroic aerial feat that two years later was to award him the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was directly responsible for saving five lives when a motor of his amphibian failed while flying over Ocu in the Province of Herrera. In the plane with Captain Armstrong were the Director of Communications in the Republic of Panama, his co-pilot, a captain and a sergeant.

Retaining control of both the plane and of himself when the motor stalled, Captain Armstrong ordered the four men to bail out; three of them leaped and were found shortly afterward near Ocu, but the co-pilot decided to stay with the Captain and ride the plane down. By skillfully maneuvering the airship with its ailing motor, Captain Armstrong brought himself, the ship, and the co-pilot down to safety.

The next year, 1936, he was awarded the DFC for the performance.

Colonel Armstrong first went to England in 1940 to do aerial reconnaissance work for the Army Air Corps. He was there for three months on this mission, after which he returned to the United States.

In February of this year Colonel Armstrong returned to England, this time on another mission. Since that time he has been operating with the American Bomber Command as aide to General Eaker.

In August Colonel Armstrong was awarded the Silver Star Decoration for his part in the first all-American invasion of German held territory by air in World War II.

(Continued on page 12)

Profs and Comic Strips

Captain Easy Noses Out Li'l Abner and Henry in a Faculty Popularity Poll as Superman Fails to Score.

By H. B. PARROTT

ALL THIS started because some psychologist has come out with the idea that the way to reveal a person's "suppressed desires" is to find out what kind of comic strip he reads. That is to say, his choice of "funnies" often indicates a secret longing or a certain unconscious satisfaction in seeing himself

caricaturized (whatever that means). That was the spark that lit the powder keg.

The Chief, it seems, had been turning this idea over in his mind for quite a few minutes. He leaped up from his desk, slammed his fist down and shouted: "I've got it!"

I got the jump on the rest of the staff and made for the door. I didn't like that look.

"Come back here."

I was trapped.

"What this magazine needs"—he had now returned to his inspiration voice—"is to stir up an investigation or conduct a poll of some sort."

(I started to ask him if he had ever heard of the *Literary Digest*, but he continued): "I've got it. We'll investigate the faculty! Professor So-and-So revealed as a Moon Mullins fan. Dr. Whoozit carrying a torch for Tillie the Toiler. That's it! Character revealed through comic strips!"

Striding over to my corner, he clapped me on the shoulder; "And you're the man to do it!"

I felt a bit weak. Why, down in my neck of the woods college professors are looked on as being as dignified and unapproachable as the sacred cows of Kashmir. The idea of springing something like this on them was a little too much. But in the end I mumbled something about I'd try and slunk out the door.

For almost a week I stalled around, hoping to shift the assignment off on some other member of the staff. No such luck! Suckers aren't that bountiful.

It's asking an awful lot of a fellow to take it upon himself to find out what comic strips a professor reads and from that derive his suppressed desires. Why had that psychologist come out with all that rot! Finally, though, equipped with a leaky fountain pen and a scratch pad, I resigned myself to my fate and reluctantly tackled the job. Following is an account of my campaign.

My first victim was Dr. C. C. Pearson. He leaned back, chin in hand, and smiled. "For good old-fashioned melodrama you can't beat Captain Easy. If he can't solve his predicament, his fists settle the argument. And that newspaper girl, Jane Arden—boy, she can kick! But when she falls in love I get disgusted and

throw her away until she gets into another good adventure."

Leaving his office, I headed over to the Alumni Building for Shakespeare class. Dr. H. B. Jones, I learned after class, is also a rabid Captain Easy fan; reading the funnies is his favorite form of escape. Ella Cinders and Li'l Abner rank high on his list, but he thinks that

the writer of Maggie and Jiggs should go on a vacation. Professor Max Griffin has only one hero—Li'l Abner. Dr. Folk thinks there is nothing like Captain Easy for sheer romance. Professor Aycock thinks that cartoonists have become "Too often too ridiculous, no longer comical." But his choices follow those of his colleagues.

On my way downstairs, I turned into the physics department.

"Well," drawled Dr. Speas, "I like little Henry. Not much reading to him." He doesn't go in for the new-fangled ones much, still enjoys Jiggs and Mutt and Jeff.

From there I went over to Wait Hall, where I found 'Fessor Carroll sunning a blue print.

"Well, I reckon a feller ought to tell the truth," he chuckled, "looks like you're going to show us up." Pause. "I like the Lone Ranger. He's the best. Freckles and Boots are pretty good too."

Professor Gay reads the comics to

his little daughter, and though he doesn't particularly care for any of them, he picks Henry and Donald Duck as favorites.

Over in the biology building, Dr. Bradbury thinks there ought to be a law against "that fool from Dogpatch—what's his name?—Li'l Abner. He's all out of reason." The fact that Jiggs has gotten a flower pot or a rolling pin over his head almost every day for years and years and years also has become boring. He prefers Captain Easy and Jane Arden because they have more originality and variety than any of the rest. Dr. Cocke likes them all from Major Hoople to Dick Tracy and "enjoys them very much."

Back in Wait Hall, Dr. Reid shook his head in amazement. "How a man can think up a strip like that Li'l Abner. . . ." He reads the comics not

for enjoyment, but rather "just to see what foolish things those men can think up."

Professor Browning enjoys nothing better than Hans and Fritz—the Katzenjammer Kids—and Li'l Abner.

I walked into the News Bureau. Professor Memory leaned back in his chair, propped his feet on the desk and took a long puff on his cigar. "There's a scrap at my house every morning to see who can get the paper first—me or my boy. Then we sit down and read Tim Tyler's Luck together. I'm Spud—he's Tim." He thinks Dick Tracy with its characters such as "Prune-face" is too horrible—especially for children. His personal choice is Popeye.

Dr. Hubert thinks that all comic strips pale into insignificance except They'll Do it Every Time and Major Hoople. The former is a "remarkable portrait of human nature."

Litte Orphan Annie got the biggest vote of any comic strip heroine excluding Jane Arden. Miss Lois Johnson, however, expressed her disapproval in no uncertain terms; she thinks Orphan Annie is "an insult to human intelligence." Gasoline Alley is her favorite because "the characters grow up naturally."

She "likes little Henry too—he's so talkative."

The highest praise given any comic strip was that of Professor Carlton P. West. He exclaimed emphatically that "there is nothing that can compare with Donald Duck and Henry—they're very true to life." This view was echoed by Registrar Grady Patterson. Dr. Rea likes Out Our Way and Side Glances. Professor Clonts doesn't "pay much attention to any of them."

From the history department I went into Dean Stansbury's office.

"Nothing like Dick Tracy for a good detective story, but for the best comic strip of all I'll take Joe Palooka," he laughed. "I can't stand Li'l Abner—he's too ridiculous."

The most enthusiastic supporter of comic strips on the campus is Dr. Binkley of the Religion Department. "Ah yes," he told me, "Cartoonists are preachers! They use their mediums to moralize and they are very effective." After a pause—"and Little Orphan Annie ranks above all the rest!"

After having contacted a representative number of the faculty, we discovered that a popularity race had developed between Captain Easy and Li'l Abner, with Captain Easy winning by a nose. Close behind the leaders was Henry, followed by Donald Duck, Jane Arden and Little Orphan Annie in that order. Superman was the goat—he had no sympathizers.

"Suppressed desires?" Could be. But you name 'em. I've got to pass some courses.

Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

suke Akiyama) to get things straight. Dr. Jones convinced him that it wasn't the same Jap. A classmate of theirs and a very good friend of Akiyama's while in school here had told Dr. Jones that the Jap had committed *hari kari* several years ago.

NICHT WHAR?

By coirtesy of the Duke and Duchess we pass on this little ditty for your reading pleasure:

A guy on whom I'd lay a hex
Is the jerque who reads in search of sex
He judges a magazine or book
By a flip of pages, a hasty look.
With a sigh of disgust, he throws it aside.
"There ain't no sex!" is his one bromide.

The horses were lined up waiting for the starting signal. Blue Blood turned to the horse on her right and spoke. "Fighting Spirit," she said, "you're a comer. There's no question but that you can win this race without any effort, but you've got to let me win!"

"I certainly will not," replied Fighting Spirit. "I don't throw any races."

"This isn't any race," explained Blue Blood. "My owners have threatened to send me to the glue factory if I lose. I know I can beat all the horses in this race except you. You've got to let me win!"

"Nothing doing," snapped Fighting Spirit.

At this point, Fido, the pup, interrupted, "Be a sport, Fighting Spirit. Let Blue Blood win."

Both horses froze in their tracks. They looked at Fido the pup and then at each other. Both exclaimed: "My gawd—a talking dog!"

—*Showme.*

The Class of '43

The Largest Freshman Class In History Has Dwindled From 412 Members To 60 Who Will Graduate In May.

By JOHN McMILLAN

PART I—*"Oh Where, Oh Where Has the Class of '43 Gone?"*

THAT September day back in 1939 was a momentous day in my life and I still remember every detail of it. That red-letter day marked my entry into college life, wherein one "pursues knowledge" at an "institution of higher learning." I enjoyed framing those high-sounding phrases in my mind.

That night I sat on the gymnasium floor with 300-odd (I might have left off the hyphen) raw, bewildered academic recruits whose temples fairly gleamed with a greenish halo common to all freshmen. The freshman advisory committee was holding its first rat court for us. Embarrassed and subservient, different members of our class performed their goatish antics up on the platform—much to the delight of the other freshmen who had been spared. Later that night we were invited to a free show at the newly-built Collegiate Theatre. In a long and rambling column we quietly marched downtown. In the course of the evening I had met any number of freshmen but only three names stuck at the time—Jimmy, Kenneth, and Morgan. All three boys are still here and are known to everyone as Jimmy Northington, Kenneth Williford, and Neil Morgan.

300 Pounder Marshall George.
He sang his own music.

Such was my impression of the beginning of the class of '43 of Wake Forest College. We soon learned that there were about 330 of us who had come in for the first time—the biggest class in the history of the college up to that time—and added to that number were about 69 gentlemen whose grades the years before had not been of the most superior kind and who had acquired the ignominious names: "Second-year Freshman," or "Third-year Freshman," and so on up the arithmetic series. In the spring semester 13 more joined the ranks. Altogether then, there were 412 of us, and (after the greenish hue had faded away) a self-confident, vainglorious class we were. We strolled around the campus in great droves and, despite the shiny gold-and-black buttons which immediately classified us, we felt quite indispensable and important. We felt that we had great potentialities. For one thing, we were from all over the place—North, South, East, and West. Furthermore, all but two letters of the alphabet were included in the first letters of our surnames—these two being not X and Z but Q and U. For X we had none other than Nathan Paleologos Xanthos of Wilmington, and Z was represented by balding Frank "Pop" Zakim of Patterson, New Jersey. We had in our midst probably the heaviest freshman that has ever trampled the pretty green grass of this campus: Marshall George, the 300-pounder who was not only adept at darkening doorways but also knew how to write songs. For Tommy Dorsey, when he was in Raleigh, Marshall wrote and sang "My Charming Lady."

We freshmen lived and learned (?) up through the finals in May. Next fall, with our ranks somewhat depleted, we came back and noticed a good many familiar faces missing. But we were then sophomores—confident, hopeful, and more indispensable than ever. Then came the finals in May and matriculation again in September, this time as juniors. But somewhere in there Congress had passed a Selective Service Act, and the act was taking its toll. Quite a few faces were missing in September of '41. Of course, there were transfers from junior colleges to fill some of the gaps but certainly not all of the gaps. The class was definitely growing smaller. We had lost much of our starch and felt far less indispensable.

Then came December 7, 1941, that day when the United States was at once put in and almost put out of the war. Enlistment fever raged so high that I hardly expected to see any classmates returning after Christmas. But most of them did return. Recruiting offices only cut away a small chunk of the class. The draft boards were what hurt.

Under the tension of a nation at war, the members of

(Continued on page 13)

They Wouldn't Understand

They Called it Puppy Love and Said it Was a Trivial Affair, But I Shall Never Forget Him.

By ELIZABETH JONES

"DARLING, aren't you feeling well?" mother inquires anxiously. "You haven't eaten a bite all day. I think I'd better call Dr. Smith."

What can I say to her? The family doesn't understand—they don't understand at all. They don't realize that my heart is broken.

Why do older people think that, to the young, love is a trivial affair? Weren't they ever young themselves? Can they have forgotten so completely? They call it "puppy love," but I know that whatever the future may bring, I shall never forget this—my first love.

I was walking home from school one ordinary, everyday day when suddenly HE overtook me.

"May I carry your books?" he asked. "I hope you won't think I'm being fresh or anything, but I wanted to meet you."

I didn't think he was fresh a bit; I thought he was cute. He has brownish hair which is always falling over one eye and the nicest grin. And he got his letter for football at high school this year. And, well, he's just wonderful.

In the weeks which followed we were together all the time. We danced and skated and went to games and on picnics, and we sat for hours and talked about life and love.

Then there was the beautiful night when he asked me to wear his high school ring. The moon was a mere mark in the sky, a line drawn by a silver pencil, but the stars sparkled like diamonds as if to make up for any brilliance which the moon might lack. The trees cast deep night shadows all around. It was like fairyland.

He held my hand and said, "Please wear it. I'd like you to—very much." And he kissed me.

The next days were just like floating. I walked about in a happy daze, my head 'way up in the clouds. I guess I'll never be so happy again.

Then one day I introduced HIM to HER. It was a mistake. I should have realized that. She has shining, black hair and long, red fingernails and a certain air of sophistication. The minute he looked at her I felt my heart sink down to my toes.

Now I sit at home at night and try to study, but the words seem to swim around on the page in confusion. I sit and sit and wait for the phone to ring—but it never does. I jump at the sound of the doorbell, for it might, it might possibly be he. I lie awake at night and think and think. And she wears his ring now.

"You haven't answered my question, dear. Aren't you feeling well?"

"What? Oh yes, mother. I'm quite all right. Nothing's the matter at all."

What can I say to her? The gulf of age separates us. She doesn't remember and I can't explain to one so far away.

Are all men so shallow, so fickle? Does another pretty face mean more to them than the devotion of the one they so casually leave behind? Are none of them capable of constancy? It's enough to shake one's faith in life, in the universe, and even in God.

Though my family treats it lightly, to me this is far more than a trivial affair. My whole future may be changed because of it.

For me there will never be another. I'm very sure of that. I shall spend the rest of my life alone, for another could never take his place.

I shall probably become a Red Cross nurse and go to Europe or Africa. I shall be the Florence Nightingale of the modern world. I shall go my rounds with a sad gentle smile on my face and a kind word for all the boys sick in body or spirit. Dozens of soldiers will fall in love with me and beg me to marry them, but with a wistful, haunting smile I shall answer them—

"I can never forget my first love. Though he was unfaithful to me I shall remain true to him always."

And finally when I die with a stray bullet in my heart, he will hold me in his arms and say with tears in his eyes, "I realize now that you were the one I loved all along."

But then it will be too late.

"Are you enjoying the book?" daddy asks, looking at me quizzically.

"Oh yes, daddy. It's a very interesting book."

"Well," he continues, "you haven't turned a page in thirty minutes and the book is upside down, you know."

But what can I say to them? They just wouldn't understand.

The Professor On Class.
His boys listened and learned.

Professor Rober

The Teacher . . .

He Was A Past Master Of The Subjects He Taught; Examiners Found It A Difficult Task To Stump Any Student Who Had Studied Under Him.

By HERBERT THOMPSON

People who know anything about Wake Forest and her Law School can readily tell you that the times have been very few and far between when one of Professor Bruce White's students was stumped on any question given him in the North Carolina Supreme Court's examination on Wills and Administration.

When Professor White did not return to his classes after Christmas holidays last year because of illness, J. E. (Hap) Tucker, assistant to the Attorney General in the North Carolina Supreme Court, was called over to teach his class on Wills and Testaments. One day an incident occurred which should amply illustrate Professor White's knowledge of his courses and the respect held for him by legislative leaders of the state.

In the discussion of a law involving heirs—lineal and collateral, a dispute arose and it appeared that the law was unsettled on the question so far as anyone knew. Class was dismissed with the problem still unsettled. When Tucker returned to class the next day he informed the students that he had spoken to Chief Justice Stacy of the North Carolina Supreme Court, asked him to explain the law on the subject, or if he didn't know what the law was, what he thought that the Supreme Court would do if a case involving the question were to appear before it. Mr. Chief Justice Stacy's reply was that he did not know what the law was or exactly how the Supreme Court would act. "If you want to know exactly how the Supreme Court would dispose of the case," he said, "ask Bruce White of the Wake Forest law school faculty. He is the only man in North Carolina who can tell you what the Supreme Court will do in any case before it is brought to trial."

This story is typical of the way in which Professor White has impressed his students and associates in the legal field frequently on matters of law that are unsettled. Down through the years he has been able to predict with unerring accuracy the attitude of the High Court and what its disposition of difficult cases would be. And this has been one of the foremost characteristics of his teaching—his ability to predict the law—an ability based on a vast knowledge of economic, social, and political conditions of the country, combining his knowledge of the three to make his prophecy.

First, last, and always in his teaching of the law Professor White has been a liberal; as his subject, his profession progressed, he progressed with it, never set in his ways, ever welcoming new methods and ideas.

Professor I. Beverly Lake, a student under Professor White in 1925, and a faculty colleague for the past ten years, recalls that when he was in school under him all of the faculty used the textbook method of teaching. This was one of the primary objections of the Law School Association when Wake Forest endeavored to join. They objected because the Wake Forest school did not use the more modern case book method of teaching law. Professor White immediately adapted himself to it, and proved very successful teaching under the new method. Even before the case system came in here he knew a good deal about cases—practical experience as a lawyer had laid a good base to work from.

When Professor White came to the Wake Forest Law School in 1916 the law library was more like a cubby hole filled with books than a library, consisting of only one set of North Carolina Reports, North Carolina Statutes, United States Supreme Court Reports, Corpus Juris, and a few miscellaneous books. A very small library indeed, compared with the law library of 1942. From the day of his arrival, he has taken an active interest in the workings of the Wake Forest Law School, and along with faculty colleagues helped to build up to the present library, and instigate various other improvements for the school's benefit.

Dean Stansbury a
"He had a rare com

Professor White is a past master on the subjects he taught. Constitutional law, according to his colleagues, is his greatest field. e is a thorough master of the Federal Constitution and of the Constitution of the State of North Carolina. He knows the constitution, federal and state, in all aspects, is considered one of the few men to completely master it, and in addition to his mastery of his subject, he knows well how to interest his students in it.

From the beginning of his career as a teacher in the Wake Forest Law School, Professor White was recognized as a good

(Continued on page 13)

ert Bruce White

The Man . . .

He Had A Way Of Getting Along With Students; Today His Boys Scattered All Over The World Remember Him With Love And Respect.

By NEIL MORGAN

His features suppressing a sly grin, Robert Bruce White, M.A., rapped on the bar and called for the barristers to keep the hearing out of the gutter.

Moot court, Wake Forest School of Law, 1934. George Thomas vs. (Lt.) Dortch Langston. Langston, State's attorney, charged improper relations with a young girl of northeast Wake Forest. His case vociferously presented, the prosecution rested.

His gavel obeyed, Professor White called for the defense.

Slowly, with dignity, the accused marched from a side door. Holding tightly to his arm was a girl of perhaps 18. Pigtails, though—and a dress that reached interestingly just above her knees. A niece of a Wake Forest professor of note.

The defendant, George Thomas, also was interestingly dressed.

With one look at Thomas, Professor White shuddered. They were his very own—those shined spats, those grey-striped trousers, that Prince Albert coat. His shudder turned into a glare.

The little girl swore before the court that the charge was false—in fact, she coyly remarked with a little aside at the gaping jury—she "hardly knew Geo-rge."

The jury couldn't do otherwise. They cleared the man in the Prince Albert with the cute little girl in pigtails on his arm.

Professor White hastily dismissed court and went to inspect his Prince Albert. He couldn't get mad with Thomas—he wasn't known to have done anything like that in all his 26 years in the Wake Forest Law School. Fact is, he enjoyed the exhibition of his dress clothes.

He was just curious, that's all.

Thomas looked uneasy, and explained quickly: "Er, Professor—that is, your wife unpacked your clothes for me when I told her what I needed. I—ahem—thought it might help in the testimony."

Thomas was one of Grace White's "four boys"—for they've always had four boys from the law school rooming out at their big place on Faculty Avenue—and, Mrs. White remarks—"we get to feel like they're our very own."

To which Professor White adds: "I don't remember a single boy in all my years here I really disliked. And for all I know, there never was one who disliked me. At least, they didn't tell me about it!"

Their sons are the "real boys": Robert Bruce, Jr., who for five years has been State probation officer with offices in Durham, and Charles Ward, now a DuPont chemist in an explosives factory at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The Whites have always been popular with boys—which is a pretty handy characteristic for Wake Forest folks. Mrs. White will tell you how well Colonel Frank Armstrong can wash dishes—for he and a girl friend used to visit in their home often during the evening—and, according to Mrs. White, the Colonel had to wash dishes with unceasing consistency.

Just now, Professor White relaxes at his home with Mrs. White looking after him mighty well. Seventy this year, he was retired last spring after a siege of illness which still leaves him weak.

But, much like Dr. Gulley and other of the College's greats, "his boys" all over the State—now all over the world—remember him with love and respect.

His son dropped by to tell him last week of running into two men in Washington, N. C., who asked to be remembered to their former teacher. One was John Rodman, to sit in the State Senate which convenes in January; the other was Bryan Grimes, to occupy a similar post in the House—both representing Beaufort County.

Most folks agree with Mrs. White that "R. B. is the hardest person I know to get to talk about himself."

But this much we know: He was born in Raleigh—the son of James McDaniel (WFC '59) and Martha Ellington White. At the age of 14, after his mother died, he entered Wake Forest—with sophomore standing, due

Professor R. B. White, Retired.
He now relaxes at his home.

sbury and Colleague.
are combination. . ."

to the efficient home teaching of his father, who was associate principal of Lovejoy's Academy.

Just to keep from graduating in the same class with his brother (John White, famous Baptist minister), Bruce White went ahead to get his M.A. at the age of 18.

Then he taught—at Franklinton and in Duplin County. Reading law in his spare time, he entered the Wake Forest School of Law the year after Dr. Gulley founded it in 1894. By attending summer sessions, he received his license in 1896.

Riding the crest of an anti-saloon movement in Franklinton, he was elected mayor in 1898 and immediately halted the granting of licenses to the saloons.

In 1898 he was named Franklin County superintendent of schools. Early in the new century, he launched a statewide campaign to arouse interest in public schools, speaking in 51 counties. During his 14-year term as Franklin superintendent, new schools were built in every district.

Such work couldn't go unnoticed; in 1903 he was elected to the State Senate, where he introduced the bill changing the old Literary Fund into a loan fund for school building. It remains such on the books.

For several years the State school system employed him as attorney.

In 1915, again in the State Senate, he drew up a bill finally enacted, giving the State its most advanced prohibition law.

A law partnership with T. W. Bickett continued until Bickett was elected governor in 1916.

WAKE FOREST
LAUNDRY & CLEANERS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL

Season's Greetings

from

Hollowell's Food Store

In that year, he turned down an offer to the Superior Court bench to become professor of law at Wake Forest.

From 1917 to 1921 he was secretary-treasurer of the North Carolina Railroad Company; and by appointment of the governor he served from 1935 to 1939 on a commission to revise estates laws. Work in that capacity brought high commendation from fellow committeemen.

From 1917 to 1922 he was superintendent of the Wake Forest Baptist Church Sunday school. Later he was judge of Recorder's Court here.

And for 14 years—from 1917 to 1931, he was on the school board of the Wake Forest Graded School. During that period one of the biggest school fights in the town's history occurred.

Here's how Professor White tells the story:

"When I came to Wake Forest, the public school was in about the sorriest fix I ever saw. They were holding classes in a little three-room building above where Groves Stadium is now. I was used to good schools. So I got elected to the school committee. Two of the members didn't want a new school—two of them did.

"But we finally got the thing through and the Legislature approved our bond issue. That's when we built the plant that is now the grammar school."

Just like that!

Wake Foresters will confide, however, that when Professor White stepped in, he broke a long-standing school deadlock which had resolved into a sort of stalemate.

Professor White has been on the executive committee of the college ever since 1919. He was named to the athletic committee in 1936, and—from what we can find out about the workings of that secretive body—he has been an ardent advocate of building up the school's football team. It's not all coincidence that Wake Forest's football status has been on the upgrade ever since the year he joined the committee.

He actively backed Coach Jim Weaver when Weaver sought to put Boston College on the Deacon's schedule. Several other members of the committee vociferously opposed that and similar moves.

The College, incidentally, cleared $6,000 on the Boston game this year—which isn't so bad for an event this season, and which proves that Weaver and White were right.

Nobody was happier than was Bruce White when Wake Forest beat Duke. And he is staying just like that—thoroughly interested in the "boys," and anxious to help them what he can—even though he's out of the classroom.

Anything Dr. Needham Y. Gulley says about law or lawyers goes—according to our observations. And Dr. Gulley—who first taught Professor White his law, then later watched him as he taught other Wake Foresters their law—has this to say:

"Bruce White was a very efficient teacher and unusually popular with the student body. Always quiet and studious, he is admired by all who come in contact with him. He is a good lawyer."

Wake Forest teachers seem to have a habit of reaching their peak of mellowness along about the time of retirement. Add another name to that distinguished list.

Red Slippers

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

OTHER shop windows along the street were wilted and worn out with the Christmas season, and looking forward to day after tomorrow when all of the decorations would be taken down for another year, but not so the window of the smart little shoe shop on Main Street—the window crammed full of red slippers.

Christmas bells framed the window as the stirring night air gently rocked them to and fro. They silently tinkled their Christmas greetings and rang out that they were the guards of the glittering window full of red slippers.

Red slippers looked out from the gay shop window; scarlet slippers nestled there in the sparkling, cotton snow, away from the coldness of the night air; warm slippers absorbed tints from the sparkling Christmas lights outside. They made a cozy little world in that window; a world so vivid that if you looked into it long enough, it became a part of you.

Across the street a Salvation Army Santa Claus looked at his watch . . . fifteen more minutes to stand post. It had been a rewarding afternoon, but now the streets were deserted, the stores closed, people home putting out Christmas toys for their children to find in the morning. Twelve more minutes before Christmas day. These last two hours would have been unbearable had it not been for that window across the street, glowing at him and warming his heart. His eyesight was so bad that only the blur of red was clear, but he found that if he kept his eyes fastened on that spot of warmth, he forgot the hour and the chill of his bones.

The street-cleaner rolled by, spraying water over the street and splatters fell on the sidewalk in puddles. The vermillion slippers from the shop window reflected in the pools of water like drops of blood.

A bedraggled woman shuffled along the sidewalk, but faltered before the window as she pulled the cheap black coat more closely around her; she stared into the window. Pink shoes! Why with pink shoes she could rouse the smartest of men. Maybe with pink shoes on her feet she could recapture the appeal she had in her youth. She could once again become the Madam. If only that glass were not there, she could reach in and feel of those pink shoes and get just the pair she wanted.

She scurried down the street as a policeman neared the window, making his rounds. The ugly scowl which had drawn his brows close together became questioning as his eyes came to rest on the window. What could

that hag have been frantically clawing at the window for? Then he noticed the shoes in the window, and his eyes wandered over the lot until they came to rest on a pair of sturdy, maroon, lace slippers. Comfortable looking, even if the color was a little loud. Maybe that was just what Fannie needed, maybe if he bought her a pair of those she would feel like walking to work with him like she used to. And he moved on, covering his beat.

The capable corporation lawyer left his office building and started across the street to his car which was parked in front of the shop window. As he opened the door, his eyes were caught by the display . . . the lighted window was inviting and happy, shining there in the early morning hours. Somehow that splotch of color had a depth to it which made the whole world right again. It didn't matter now that he had been forced to leave a dinner party on Christmas eve to check over some contracts. In fact, he was going to sleep much better now for having done his job well.

A drunken fellow with a snarling mouth slouched down the sidewalk on his way from one joint to another. He was muttering that he had rather be caught empty-handed in hell than have found that guy with Molly tonight. What was wrong with him, anyway? He took her that sparkle tonight and she told him that he had her all wrong; that she liked the other guy and the presents he brought her better, because they had class. Those red slippers in the windows had class. Molly might like them, oh but what the hell, it wasn't worth the trouble to break a window. Mike and the other boys would be waiting for him anyway, and he wabbled down the sidewalk.

A girl and boy reporter had just gotten off the hoot-owl shift and were walking by the window to the taxi stand. Her eyes had been glued to the window loaded with red slippers since they came in sight of it. Together they walked up to the window and looked in at them and slowly their spirits rose again. Working the late shift on Christmas Eve had been a disappointment to both of them, but the reflection of their expressions as they stared in at the brightly lighted window changed from weariness to contentment.

Her eyes brightened as she spied a pair of carmine pumps perched up on a tall standard, and a plan slowly formulated itself in her mind. If she bought those pumps, she could prove to the boss that a girl reporter could be stylish and efficient at the same time. She would make him see her as something more than a working girl. He had to see that she had the assurance to handle big stories and meet important people on equal footing.

Red slippers in a shop window in the dim light of early Christmas morning, and worn red slippers walked on the pavement. The young girl hurried off the first bus to get to

the cafe on time, and on her feet was a pair of red slippers that had once been in a shop window. They were run over at the heels, the color was almost gone, and only a sort of dull rust remained. She looked in at the shop window as she passed, a little less brilliant in the hazy morning light, but lurid yet; then she looked at her feet.

She gave a throaty chuckle, remembering how she had saved for three weeks to buy those red slippers which she had seen in the window. She had thought that with red slippers the boss would notice her enough to make her hostess instead of waitress. Her red slippers had failed her, and she was still catching the early morning trade.

But those red slippers in the window were much prettier than hers could possibly have been. They almost made her glad that she had come to work instead of playing sick so she wouldn't have to work on Christmas day. If only she had on a pair of red slippers like those on this side with brass knobs on them, today would have to be perfect; she might even get a bonus check.

Perhaps if she saved up and bought another pair of red slippers, brighter and more daring, then maybe they would change her luck and she could be hostess after all. And as she tripped up the street, the bells framing the window rang out a joyous Christmas greeting to her.

There was a young writer named Timer,
Who aspired to be a rhymer.
He'd make out just fine
Until the last line,
Into which he always tried to crowd all the ideas that he hadn't expressed in the first lines, which isn't very good technique . . . is it?

Wishing You a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

STEARNS ENGRAVING COMPANY

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

The Flying Colonel

(Continued from page 3)

He was among the party which on August 17 bombed a German-held railroad in France.

Since then newspapers throughout the nation have carried accounts day after day of his raids on Axis territory, crying out his name as one of the key men of the American bombing raids from England.

Clayton Knight, Associated Press Correspondent in London, in an article on Flying Fortresses appearing recently, wrote:

"Perhaps, the best illustration of just how good the 'Forts' are was brought home to me after I arrived back in London. It was in the form of a letter from a friend of mine, Colonel Frank Armstrong, a native of North Carolina and formerly of Richmond, Virginia, commanding an American bomber group that has seen plenty of action over Nazi-held territory. I had spent several days at his headquarters. The letter brought this good news:

"No doubt you have read of our attack last Sunday—it certainly was a 'doozie.' We fought approximately 40 enemy aircraft all the way in and to the target. Their attacks were head-on-nose-to-nose when the bombing run was being made. Once I was forced to pull straight up to prevent a head-on collision with a Messerschmitt 109. I am delighted to say that not one of my boys was denied. My No. 3 man was hit in three motors but he managed to stay in long enough to unload—and only then went down. It is estimated that we accounted for 15 Huns. One of my nose gunners set a Hun on fire, and he fell just beyond the leading element as it moved over to give him room. He was a beautiful sight."

Further on Knight told of another raid which Armstrong and the Forts proved to be revolutionizing day bombardment.

"Without the cover of darkness, without even friendly pursuit protection, Armstrong's big bombers set out for a daylight raid on occupied France.

"They hadn't much more than crossed the channel when they were attacked by 25 enemy fighters.

"How did the Huns perform?

"The Huns paid for that attack, Armstrong told me later, with three enemy aircraft confirmed and a total of twelve probable aircraft shot down. That makes a total of one entire enemy fighter squadron and they never had the satisfaction of seeing even one of our aircraft shot down."

Of the same and of similar incidents occurring in the stormy war clouds hovering over Western Europe Colonel Armstrong told in that chapel speech, much the same way he might have told a group of listeners about a football game he had played in.

Eighteen years ago Wake Forest sang the praises of the athlete, Frank Armstrong, as he scampered about the baseball diamond, and galloped down the gridiron clearing the way, taking out two and three tacklers at the time, for his running mates to cross the goal line.

Today, eighteen years later, in a vastly different world, Wake Forest still sings the praises of the same athlete, Colonel Frank Armstrong, still "the best blocking back," who is paving the way for great runs, who flies at the head of the formation and leads the way to goal after goal, touchdown after touchdown, and sparks his great team on to another championship.

Professor White - the Teacher

(Continued from page 8)

teacher, improving through the years, steadily advancing. He had a knack for getting along well with his students. He was more than a professor to his "boys"; he was rather a friend, and they were more than just students to him. He knew what he was teaching; and his students were acutely aware that he knew it. Examiners have found it a difficult job to trap any student he taught.

According to Dr. Dale F. Stansbury, dean of the law school, "One of the most outstanding things about Professor White as a teacher was his possession of a rare combination with which to teach from, practical experience, a brilliant mind, and a progressive viewpoint. Old graduates have expressed a deep appreciation, time and time again, for his teaching of the practical side of law as well as the theoretical."

Professor White, according to associates and students, has the reputation of being a very clear lecturer. His lectures have been very interesting and thought out in advance, delivered in a forceful manner that is easy for students to follow, showing that he had done a great deal of studying himself in preparing them. He not only stated what the rule of law was, but also went into the background and explained its applications.

Dean D. B. Bryan summed up Professor White's teaching, giving three characteristics of the man: "1) he has been devoted to teaching; 2) because he has an acute and analytical mind his analysis of situations seems to stand out in his work. He has brought to his teaching an interest in state and national legislative matters that has lifted the horizon of his students; 3) his 'boys' have been a circle of intimate friends with him, eager to grasp everything from his teaching."

As Professor of Law at Wake Forest College for the past 26 years, Robert Bruce White, M.A., ended an illustrious career as a teacher when he officially resigned last May. But his teachings will live on—in the Wake Forest Law School, in the graduates it has turned out during his term, and in the historic annals of North Carolina law.

"Yeah," said the sophomore, "When I first came here I was pretty conceited, but they knocked all that out of me and now I'm one of the best fellows in college."

The Class of '43

(Continued from page 6)

the class of '43 tried hard to continue their studies—obediently complying with exhortations of military and educational bigwigs—but they found it difficult. Their conversations and their thoughts centered around the big question, When, where, and how will I be in it?

With summer came summer school, and many of the class of '43, now seniors, decided to attend the summer session so that they might be able to graduate in January. Others found jobs. Hardly any loafed away the summer as they had done in years past.

Then this past September rolled around. When the 1942-43 Directory came out "corrected with matriculation files as of September 17, 1942" only 76 of the original 412 who were freshmen in September 1939 had returned now as seniors. In other words, only 18.44 per cent of our freshman class had arrived at senior classification, according to the normal four-year college course! As it stands now, 16 of these 76 will graduate in January, leaving only a paltry 60—or 14.56 per cent of the original 412—who now have hopes of receiving their sheepskins in late May of next spring.

There are factors that might easily decrease this already small percentage: 1) it might be safely assumed that all of the remaining 60 are of draft age; 2) there are likely some of this number who are not yet in a reserve branch which permits deferment until graduation; 3) voluntary enlistment has now been closed, and the draft boards will handle allocation and distribution in all branches of the service. A conclusion that we must draw is that some of the remaining 60 may be drafted before they can graduate in May.

A classmate and I were reminiscing recently about ye good olde days of yesteryear. We couldn't help but ask ourselves the questions: What has happened to our class? Where have the 336 gone who are no longer with us? At first blush these questions rather worried me. That so many students should leave didn't speak so well for a class which three years before had "had great potentialities." As I continued to think on the subject I decided that it wasn't so bad after all. I came to some conclusions, among them being the fact that our class indeed *had* and still *has* great potentialities.

* * * * *

PART II—*"The Class of '43 Has Gone to War"*

I recalled that September 1939 was not only the month

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of the birth of our class but also of World War II, a conflagration that swept first through Europe and since has enveloped the whole world. Yes, as the members of our freshman class walked into chapel those September mornings, the Panzer divisions of the Nazi juggernaut were driving into Poland with relentless efficiency. While the yellow Piper cubs buzzed along leisurely over our heads, screaming Stukas were loosing sticks of bombs over Warsaw. When our class graduates in May, it will have been the first class in 25 years whose whole college span has been embraced in a world at war. Though our own country has been at total war only a year, it had been engaged in a war of nerves up until December 7.

The main conclusion that I drew as I considered reasons for the drastic numerical decrease in our class was simply this: the class of '43 has gone to war! The main reason why the 336 of our classmates are no longer with us is that many have gone directly into the armed service, either because of the draft or because of voluntary enlistment. What is left of the class will soon be in the war effort in some way or another—be it combatant or non-combatant service. Other minor factors causing the decrease might include financial disabilities, transfer to other colleges or specialized schools, return to home and to work, and graduation in three years (including summer schools).

In a year or so from now many of the 412 who comprised the original class of '43 will be just buck privates or apprentice seamen or yeomen or timekeepers at construction projects. Others, however, will be lieutenants, ensigns, captains, maybe a major or so, and who knows but what some may even climb up to be a colonel or admiral or general? Some will be tumbling out of huge transport planes as paratroops; some will lean over the shattered bodies of wounded soldiers and perform operations; some will bark out orders to gun crews on merchant vessels; some, as chaplains, will conduct worship services despite the din of noise and the inferno of destruction all about; some will rip through the skies in fast pursuits; some will be plainclothesmen who go about quietly and get information; some will leap out of invasion barges onto the soft wet sand of enemy beach heads. They will all help to perform the many duties that make up specialized warfare.

No, the more I think about it the less puzzled I am as to where the 336 have gone. They have gone all over the world. They have gone to war. They are only an infinitesimal fraction of the college students who have gone mission to perform—that of ridding the world of warmongers who seem to delight in hacking heads off with bayonets and in seeing starving children's bellies stick and will continue to go to war. All of them have a grim out. Though it is often hard to see how any good can come out of a war, there is a powerful feeling deep down in the hearts of the members of the class of '43 that some day in the future there will be "peace on earth, good-will toward men"—when yellow Piper cubs can cruise leisurely over the rice paddy fields of China, the steppes of Russia, the wheat fields of Germany, the cotton fields of Georgia, and the olive groves of Italy, and where the pilots can land at any convenient field and simply say "Fill 'er up!" in whatever tongue might be necessary.

"Lady, if you will give us a nickel, my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do?" asked the lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that, he'll eat a woim."

—*Awgwan.*

"Well, I'll be ——."

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

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The Pledge

"It's late," he said;
"I must go."
"Yes, you must go; you must leave me now."
The trees around us move and sigh,
And I feel faint.
"Give me your arm, John.
I must rest a moment, then you will go."
Your arm!
Oh, God! how I'll always hold
That firm clasp in my heart.
"Yes, you must go—
You must leave me now."
"Darling," I heard him say,
As I looked at him through the mist in my eyes.
His clear-cut features,
The way the khaki of his suit blends with his sea-blue eyes,
Makes my heart swell, and swell, and nearly burst.
"Darling," I heard him say again,
"There are tears in your eyes.
You do hate to see me go.
You will miss me.
It'll be a long time you know."
I heard his words—
God, I dare not think,
For even now I can see him
Wounded,
Bleeding,
Bleeding that precious blood that keeps him strong for me.
I must not let him see the fear my heart knows.
God, don't let my eyes betray me!
"Yes," and breathing deep, I said,
"I do hate to see you go.
I will miss you;
But you'll come back."
"Yes," he said—
And I could read a new strangeness in his voice—
"Yes, I'll come back for you."
It was late.
Around us I felt the early morning coldness,
But as he gathered me in his arms,
A new warmness swept over me
As the night seemed to close in and engulf us.
That was last night.
Today I am alone.
Today, he, too, is alone.
He left with gun in hand
Perhaps to give his life for me.
I, too, have a uniform and a weapon;
I, too, have a battlefield—in the factory.
I grit my teeth and give the bolt an extra turn for him.
My hands are greasy,
My face is smudged,
But the lips he kissed are still warm—
For him.
The machines sing softly, smoothly,
Humming,
For me!
For him!
For me!
For him!
Again, again, again!
I'll work for you!
Till you come back—
For you!
The machines sing on.
I hear your song of hope—
Your pledge that blends with his—
With mine!
I lift my face
And smile.

—Arthur Earley.

He: Please . . . please!
She: No!
He: Just this once.
She: No! I said.
He: Aw—hell, ma! All the rest of the kids are going barefoot.

—*Exchange.*

Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips the breath came in short wrenching gasps. Reasurringly he smiled at her . . . B-z-z-z went the dentist's drill.

—*Exchange.*

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The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle.

"O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."

Baby: "The hell you could, you haven't any teeth."

—*Froth.*

Kadiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. "My tale is told," he said.

Spartan.

"Well, bless my wool," said the ram as he plunged over the cliff, "I didn't see that ewe turn."

Mistress: You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer.

Maid: I don't believe it. You're only saying it to make me jealous.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

From my files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or girl. To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

—*Exchange.*

Captain: Why didn't you salute me yesterday?

Private: I didn't see you, sir.

Captain: Good, I was afraid you were mad at me.

—*Joker.*

Neighbor: Say, have you folks got a bottle opener around here?

Parent: Yeah, but he's away at college.

—*Maryland Old Line.*

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of the tree.

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THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 4

FEBRUARY

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SOLDIERS ON SKIS—

THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS **CAMEL.** THEY'RE SMOOTH AND EASY ON MY **THROAT**—AND A REAL TREAT TO MY **TASTE!**

—says former Olympic ace

DICK DURRANCE

who trains ski troopers for the Army

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin *(below)*. When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot.

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APPRECIATION

ONCE AGAIN this issue THE STUDENT is indebted to a Wake Forest alumnus in the armed forces for contributing to this publication. Pictured on our cover is Seavy A. W. Carroll, '40, who left law school at the close of his third year last year for service in the 506th Parachute Infantry of the United States Army. He sent with his article in addition to pictures, a sheet of regulation paratroop stationery from which staff artist Frank Todd reproduced the action drawing of the border which frames the portrait of Carroll.

Seavy is one of the several boys now in the armed forces of the country who has kept in close contact with the college and its publications since leaving here.

We have received two articles this year from Ensign Eugene F. Brissie, '40, editor of THE STUDENT his senior year here and editor of *Old Gold and Black* in 1941. Ensign Tom I. (Boredface) Davis, '40, former business manager of *Old Gold and Black*, contributed to our first issue. Cpl. Robert S. Gallimore, now in the medical detachment of the army, was a mainstay on our staff for the first three issues before he was drafted out of school in December. Pvt. Mike Connelly, most familiar to us standing behind the Book Store soda fountain, contributed the short story found on page 10 of this issue before leaving to study meteorology in the U. S. Army Air Corps last month.

To those men who have taken time from their work in their various branches of the service to write once again for their college publication we are grateful.

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX — NUMBER 4

FEBRUARY 1943

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Dr. E. E. Folk ..... *Faculty Adviser*
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In This Issue

Strictly Incidental 2
Timely bits of campus lore

The Siege of Stalingrad ..... Paul Brunner 3
Poetic praise of the men of steel

To Jump or Not to Jump ..... Cpl. Seavy Carroll 5
An account of his initial experience by a U. S. paratrooper

Over the River ..... Elizabeth Jones 6
A little girl discovers the unrealistic in life

This Food Is My Undoing ..... H. B. Parrott 7
A short-cut to scurvy, beriberi, and rickets

After Forty Years ..... Martha Ann Allen 8
Loyal alumni give us a new alma mater

None But the Brave ..... Mike Connelly 10
He went to war for her and America

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Strictly Incidental

• THE STUDENT *bids adieu* this issue to Business Manager Paul B. Bell, who was swept along in the current of Army Air Corps reservists leaving last month. A hard-working staff member for three years, credit is due him for an efficient job of keeping THE STUDENT on its feet for over three issues, despite the financial difficulties confronting collegiate publications this year. Ad man Bell was the third publication head to leave school for the armed forces since the opening of school in September. Taking his place beginning with this issue, junior James Hoyt Dozier of Marion, South Carolina, assumes new duties as business manager.

• *Back-slapping politico* James Allen Crisp, recently elected Senior representative to the Student Council, can rightfully boast of holding as many different campus positions as any other one man on the campus; but for some time this year Politico Crisp went all BMOC's one further with the distinction of being the only man on the campus to be president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and sole member simultaneously of any one organization.

At the beginning of the year ministerial students Crisp and Fred Lipe were the only returning members of Delta Kappa Alpha, honorary ministerial fraternity. Lipe was president of the organization and Crisp held all other offices. Enjoying the exclusiveness of their little clique, there was no bother to hold elections for new members. But some weeks after Lipe had transferred to Duke at the end of first semester, Crisp began to grow tired of being the only one to attend his meetings, decided to give some of the other boys a break, sought faculty aid, and finally elected nine new members.

• *The college library* has certain rules and regulations for everyone, but they are followed for the most part only by the NYA assistants working there. The most common of these is no talking above a whisper. Last Tuesday Library Assistant Henry Buxton Parrott, Jr., strolled out of the building after tiptoeing about his work for a quiet three-hour stretch, walked over to Dean Bryan's office to get a story for *Old Gold and Black*. Reporter Parrott tripped quietly in and over to Secretary Georgia Godfrey's desk, leaned over closely and whispered: "Have any more boys withdrawn from school since last Wednesday?" Miss Godfrey looked at the birdman quizzically for a moment, then answered in a normal voice which sounded like an explosion to the listener: "Yes, I believe three left last week." Reporter Parrott jumped back as if she had dashed cold water in his face, then regaining his wits, discovered that he was off duty and could speak normally again.

• *Congratulations are in order for the Little Theater* for an excellent production of "Wuthering Heights" two weeks ago. The dramatic clique has driven its way to the fore as a major campus organization with its two presentations this year and has brought to Wake Forest a playmaking group of which the college can feel justly proud. In evidence at the last production was the fact that much work had gone on behind the scenes in order to make for a better performance. And in our opinion the ingenuity of student director Arthur Earley brought forth one of the crowning moments of the performance—the reappearance of Joseph (played by J. D. Davis in the Little Theatre production) in the third act when the original script did not call for a reappearance at all, but voice from off set. During a rehearsal, Director Earley hit upon the idea of changing the original script in order to let the audience see the abused Joseph, reworked lines accordingly, with the result that Joseph's reappearance created more excitement and brought forth more comment from the audience than any other single moment in the performance.

• *There have been spurned lovers* since time immemorial, and debonair Lambda Chi Rutherford R. Friday took his place among the rank and file last week. It seems that Lambda Chi man Friday was calling a former inamorata at Appalachian State to arrange a date for the Tri-Fraternity dance. They had not seen each other for a year and a half, and our man Friday nervously paced the floor of Hardwicke's Pharmacy waiting for his call to go through. He wondered if she was as lovely as she used to be. Minutes hurried past. Finally the phone jangled, and he nervously jerked the receiver from the hook. After a few "hello's" and "how the world are you these days's," Rutherford softened his voice to its silkiest tone, asked her to come down for the dances. Replied the damsel: "R-u-d-d, I'm married now—." Then later the melodious voice of the operator: "That'll be one dollar and a half, please." Lambda Chi man Friday swore bitterly.

• *Judging from comment* made by men who jump from planes several times a week, Paratrooper Seavy Carroll's story of his first jumping experience (found on pages 4 and 5

(Continued on page 16)

The Siege of Stalingrad

Against the Gates of the City of Steel,
Hunnish Supermen Knocked in Vain.

By PAUL BRUNNER

Across the dreary Russian plains the men of Hitler trod,
As lean, lank wolves to sink their teeth in mighty Stalingrad,
Around the world the Fuehrer shrieked his Hunnish warlike cry.
That men who dwelled within its gates were damned and doomed to die.
And as the summer twilight waned across the azure deeps,
And Autumn moonbeams cast their light far down the Western steeps,
The supermen of Europe heard the steady beat, beat, beat,
As each heart throb of those besieged cried out to damn defeat.
For those whose spirits worship at the foot of freedom's shrine
Will never let the slaving serpent round their breast entwine.
But greedy were the Hunnish hordes who lusted Russian soil,
Who wished to buy with Aryan blood what peasants bought with toil.
Try to crush them, supermen, grind them with your heel!
We laugh at you, O supermen, for they are made of steel!
Steel that breaks a grasping clutch that holds men in its snare.
Steel that severs bone and flesh, that lays a bosom bare,

The fingers of the Nazi hand broke through the city wall
And bathed the ruins crimson red—the price to see it fall—
The price of greed—a burning thrust—an agony of pain;
A throbbing breast, a choking gasp, and lips that curse in vain;
A groan—a scream—a blinding crash! "O, Christ, we charge again!
"They will not fall, their souls endure, O, God, we can't go on!"
No, German youth, you'll fight in vain—till all your strength is gone.

The Spirit men call God looked down, and swore to do his part,
And sent from northern climes a wind that chilled the German heart.
A bitter, biting wind that froze, and made the siegers feel
That nature was a stronger foe than smoke and gun and steel.
The Russian legions rose and cried, "Arise, pluck out their soul!"
A German stood and damned the cold—a crack—a bloody hole.
Forward surged the pent-up souls of those in Stalingrad,
And fathers died for freedom's sake while mothers prayed to God.
Yes, fathers died, but O thank Christ, the vultures turned to fly,
For who would rather be a slave, than fight awhile and die?
Sons of Stalingrad, you're free, your blood has purged your gate,
And burning tears of sacrifice have justified your hate.
We honor you, great Stalingrad, the city made of steel;
The years of freedom, one by one, before your altar kneel.
And we from here take up your torch—the torch you set aflame,
To burn upon the Fuehrer's heart the letters of your name.

To Jump or Not to Jump

A Story of His First Adventure by the
Jumping Corporal of Cumberland County.

By SEAVY CARROLL

I WELL REMEMBER the air circuses which used to come to my community. Grandpa wouldn't let me go to the landing field just a mile away, but I could stand in our back yard and see the planes rise above the tree tops. I thrilled to the bone as the pilots performed their stunts—climbing almost straight into the sky and sending the plane spiralling toward the earth, only to level out in the nick of time. The climax of the thrills always came with the parachute jump.

"No one but a fool," said my grandfather, "would have so little sense as to jump out of an airplane with nothing but a parachute and a strong hope that it would open. If the Lord had meant for us to float around in the clouds, He would have given us wings." At that time I hadn't committed myself to any definite opinions as to what the Lord had intended for man to do if he should manage to rise above the earth, but I did believe that the men who jumped from airplanes were doing something which even the average fool wouldn't dare attempt. Little did I realize that some day I would celebrate my first airplane ride by bailing out at 1,500 feet—and experience the greatest thrill of my life.

I can easily remember the details of the first qualifying jump which we of the 506th Parachute Infantry made. We were awakened by the shrill sound of a whistle, and we arose by moonlight (5:30 a.m.). After chow we policed our barracks, put on our jump-helmets, and assumed a "Men of Mars" appearance. The men line up (as for everything else in the army), and we headed for the jump-field. A check-up revealed that one man was missing. It was thought at first that he was refusing, but we learned later that, because of a bad eye, the doctor would not permit him to jump.

Every man was honest enough to admit that he was afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid that the parachute wouldn't open? That's what we all feared. That's what we feared, in spite of the fact that in the history of the Fort Benning Parachute School more than 100,000 jumps have been made, and in no case did a 'chute fail to open when the jumper followed the rules. That's what we feared, in spite of the fact that for four weeks we had watched mass jumps daily, and no 'chute failed to open. That's what we feared, in spite of the fact that we had packed our own 'chutes, understood each fold and seam, and knew how easily it would respond to the touch of the wind. To relieve the nervous tension which had been growing for several days, we sang the songs which are common to the men in the ranks, and we joked about what we would do if the 'chute wouldn't open.

As we approached the jump-field, the red lights surrounding the area, and the revolving beacons were clearly visible in the slowly retreating dark. Nerves became more taut as we saw the huge jump-planes and heard the twin-motors warming up. We were guided into the hangars, where we had packed our 'chutes the night before. With fidgety fingers I buckled the main pack upon my back and then secured the chest strap to the reserve. The inspector made a few minor adjustments and gave me an O.K. "Gosh!" I thought, "I'm ready to jump—or—am I?"

I followed the line into the waiting room, which was a tin-roofed shed with a sawdust floor. As we awaited our turns to jump, we sat and kicked the wood crumbs with our feet—perhaps to relieve the nervous tension. Some men mentioned a recent increase which they had made in their insurance policies. Some smoked. Some talked about plans for the approaching furlough. Some talked about what they would do with the extra jump pay. Some seemed to sit and think, and some just seemed to sit. I sat.

Then a loud-mouthed sergeant bellowed for twenty-four men, another plane load. That was my group. We went on the double, as would a true paratrooper, climbed into the huge twin-motored plane, and took our seats—twelve on each side (two jumping groups). The jump-master checked to see if the safety-belts were fastened (required of all airplane passengers during the take-off). We gazed out the door and windows for a last-minute close-up view of the Good Earth which we were about to leave, but to which each man knew he would soon descend in a parachute. I screwed around in my seat for a better angle of sight through the small pane of glass which was my window.

The plane taxied down the runway for a good take-off position. My heart pounded in my chest like a mammoth sledge hammer. My throat became full. It was my first airplane ride. The pilot gunned the motors. The ground beneath us began to move, and with a deafening roar the plane reached for the heavens. The men nervously lit their cigarettes and puffed away until some guardian angel broke the speechless tension with a strain of an old favorite. Twenty-four men croaked in unison the words to "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

As we switched to "I'm a Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia Tech," the trees and the houses on the ground seemed to become smaller. The songfest ended in the middle of "I've Been Working on the Railroad," for we had reached fifteen hundred feet, and were approaching the jump-field.

The jump-master bellowed—"STAND UP!" The twelve men of the first group forced themselves upon their feet and firmly grasped the anchor line with the right hand. I was number seven. The only significance which number seven held for me at the time was that I was directly behind number six. After five men jumped out of the door, number six very likely would go—and after

number six—"Gosh! It would be my turn—." The jump-master made a hurried check of our equipment. Then he assumed his position, stomach flat on the floor with head over the edge of the door, looking for the jump-field.

"HOOK UP!" My heart stepped up its production of hammer-beats; my knees quivered, and my throat became full again. I don't know what the other men did, but I took my static line (which was attached to the apex of the 'chute) in my left hand and snapped the fastener onto the anchor line, a long cable running overhead through the center of the plane. This was one movement which, above all, I wanted to execute correctly, for in that instant I remembered the story which was told of the man who had jumped without hooking up. Having no static line to rip off his pack cover, his main 'chute did not open. For some reason he didn't pull the rip-cord of his reserve, and now, he doesn't talk about it. I wanted to be sure not to tangle my arm in the static line, for, although in such a case the 'chute would open, it could easily tear my arm from my shoulder. The instructors told us of one man who had not followed instructions in regard to this matter. Today, he has one arm.

There was no one ahead of me. I left the plane.

"That was a lot of fun—don't you think sir."

"CHECK EQUIPMENT!" Each man checked his own front and the back of the man in front of him. Number eight, directly behind me, tapped my arm and said, "O.K."

"Yes," I thought, "It's O.K. as far as you know—but I wonder about that break-cord which you can't see inside the pack." I racked my brain. I could remember very plainly having helped my partner tie his break-cord on the packing table, but I couldn't remember very clearly whether I had tied mine. I realized that the 'chute would open without a break-cord, but I knew that it would be a delayed opening—and that reminded me of the story told by the instructors of the man who had failed to tie his break-cord. The opening was delayed—so, he pulled his reserve. As he did this, the main 'chute tried to open, and the two fouled together. Friends now tell his story for him. It was too late to examine the break-cord, so I decided to take a chance.

"SOUND OFF FOR EQUIPMENT CHECK!"

"Twelve O.K.!" The men moved nervously.

"Eleven O.K." I wondered if my 'chute was really packed all right.

"Ten O.K.!"

"Nine O.K.!" It would soon be time for me to sound off "O.K." Would I really mean it?

"Eight O.K.!" But he didn't sound too happy about it.

"Seven O.K.!" Gosh! That was my squeak. The jump-master must have heard me, though.

"Six O.K.!"

"Five O.K.!" We'd soon be ready to hurl ourselves into space.

"Four O.K.!"

"Three O.K.!" I knew that it was my privilege to refuse this jump. If I turned back at this point, the Army would not penalize me. I could go back to earth in the plane, and everything would be all right.

"Two O.K.!"

"One O.K.!"

"IS EVERYBODY READY?"

"Y-E-A-H-H-H—!"

"STAND IN THE DOOR!" Number one took his

(Continued on page 13)

Over the River

An Allegory of a Little Girl Who Follows Her Mother into the Land of Fairy Unreality.

By ELIZABETH JONES

ONCE upon a time,
On the bank of a river,
There lived a little girl and a little old lady.
For as long as the little girl could remember
She and the little old lady had lived there
In a little house beneath a big oak tree,
There on the bank of the river.

Each day the little girl played by the river,
And sat by the river
And looked across the river.
She watched the fairies frolic and play
On the other bank,
In the land of dreams.

"How I wish that I might play with them
And dance with them
And laugh with them,"
Mused the little girl as she looked across the river,
Watching the fairy people.

Then one day the fairies called to the little girl:
"Come across the river and join in our play.
We'll laugh and sing the live long day.
We'll sip the dew from a violet;
We'll sip the nectar from a rose;
We'll have a feast of honey and strawberries
On a toadstool table and toadstool chairs.
Come dance with us;
Come play with us;
Come laugh and be gay with us."

"First I must ask the little old lady,"
Said the little girl,
An obedient child.
And quickly she skipped to the little house
In the shade of the big oak tree.

"Please, may I play with the fairies
On the other side of the river?
I'll only be gone a little while,
Only a very little while,
I'll only stay a little while,
And then I'll come back again."
The little old lady turned very pale
And clutched the arm of the little girl.
Her wise eyes burned in her wrinkled face
And her cracked old voice said this refrain;

"Never cross the river.
Never, never cross the river.
For if you cross the river you never will return.
Never cross to the land of dreams
For you never will return.
Once your mother heard the fairies,
They called to her to come and play.
And she listened to the fairies,
She went across the river,
She didn't mean to stay.
But she never came back again,
She never came back.
Once you've crossed the river you never will return.
Never cross the river.
Never . . . never . . . cross . . . the . . . river . . . never . . . never!"

The next day a funny elf sat on the river bank.
He was Christmasly dressed in green and red
From his pointed cap to his turned up toes.
He was fishing with a fishing pole,
A fishing pole and a piece of string.
Out he pulled the silver fish,
And he threw them in again.

"Come over," he called to the little girl.
"We'll have a really jolly time.
I'll take you down beneath the ground
To the world of the gnomes in the caves underground.
Our lanterns will light the icicle rocks,
And the tunnels lead up
And the tunnels lead down
And we'll dig enough gold to make you a crown.
Come over, come over.
I'll harness a big green grasshopper for you.
Grasshoppers are fairy kangaroo.
He'll hop about like a pogo stick.
It will be such fun.
Come across the river.
Come over."

"I mustn't cross," said the little girl.
"I must never cross the river.
It would be such fun.
But I mustn't come."
"Come cross the river," called the fairies.
"We'll dance in a fairy ring.
We'll dance by the light of the silver moon
And we'll fly through the sky on the wings of a lark
And bring you a glittering star—
A glittering star for your very own.
It will make the night more silvery
As we dance in a fairy ring.
And you shall sit on a golden throne
With a golden crown
On your golden hair.

(Continued on page 12)

This Food is My Undoing

Death by the Pork Chop—or a Short Cut to Scurvey, Beriberi, Apoplexy, and Rickets.

By H. B. PARROTT

I WAS WALKING down the street in Raleigh the other day, when an elderly man came up to me and said, "Young man, have you been drinking?"

Wondering how he knew I was from Wake Forest, I replied indignantly that I had not.

"Well, then, why don't you walk straight, or are you just naturally bowlegged?"

"That's not intoxication, brother," I shot back at him; "that's rickets."

I had just left the doctor's office and was in no mood for puns. The doctor told me that I was the most undernourished specimen he had seen since he left Belgium in the last war, and it was only with difficulty that I convinced him that I was not from India, but from Wake Forest. When I left he handed me a card with a list of twenty-five diseases from which I suffered. As soon as I was rid of these, I was to come back and he would give me a list of the rest of them.

I scanned briefly over the first line: "apoplexy, beri-beri, deficiency of Vitamin D, scurvy. . . ." I closed my eyes in horror, only to see a greasy pork chop, chased by a bottle of ketchup, come floating across my vision.

This was too much. I called a taxi and with the voice of the dying ordered him to the S&W.

An hour later, I emerged, Wimpy fashion, and my nerve restored, ambled back to the bus station and bought a ticket to Wake Forest.

That ride back was indeed a nightmare. All along the road were all sorts of people with white hair and toothless gums, struggling along with canes and crutches, trying to get out in the country to get some food. (I learned later that they were the kitchen crew of a Wake Forest boarding house.) As the bus approached Forestville, I observed a group of students over on the hill lying flat on the ground eating grass. The driver turned to the passengers and shook his head sadly. "Scurvy," he said.

I began to feel ashamed of myself for my extravagant and lavish orgy of eating in Raleigh. The sunken and hollow eyes all around, the fleshless arms, made a pitiful spectacle. Even the sleek, well-fed soldiers of the AFS seemed to be depressed by the situation.

As I got off the bus, however, I met a co-ed who, although a trifle pale, seemed to be the picture of health—at least she was very round. I learned later that she secretly ate raw Irish potatoes and washed them down with root beer and baking powder.

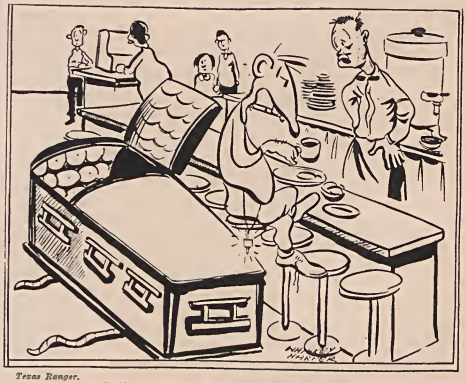
This, my friends, is the Wake Forest of today. For twenty-six long weeks now the students of this college have fought the good fight, knowing full well the fate that awaits them—death by the pork chop.

The students of Wake Forest eat pork chops with the same regularity that the Japanese eat rice, the difference being that in Japan, rice is washed and thoroughly cleaned before it is served.

The amazing thing about the whole situation is the independent attitude shown by the waiters in the local "houses of death." The other day, feeling the pangs of hunger to be unbearable, I forced myself into Ptomaine Teddy's, an exclusive eating place (they have screens) and took a seat not far from the main entrance. After waiting for forty-five minutes for my ration of grease, I spoke to the waiter nearest me in what I considered a civil manner and asked for a glass of water. He looked at me as if I had insulted his ancestors for ten generations back, and with an extremely offended air informed me that if he had the time, he *might* do it after awhile. Then with a sigh of extreme weariness settled back against the wall and resumed his perusal of "Ace Comics."

The waiters too have their own

(Continued on page 16)



Texas Ranger.

Coffee Shop food aint that bad, Flybait.

After Forty Years

As a student here Charles P. Weaver gave us "Here's to Wake Forest"; together with Dr. Hubert Poteat he now gives the College another Alma Mater Song

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

Gentle Mother

Words by CHARLES P. WEAVER, '04 — Music by HUBERT M. POTEAT, '06

Old Wake Forest, Gentle Mother
We, thy children, joyful sing;
Join our voices with each other,
Praise today to thee we bring;
Though we hail from headlands, mountains,
Though of many creeds we be,
Though we've drunk from many fountains,
We are one in love to thee;
Ever onward, ever upward,
Lead us gently by the hand,
Ever, Gentle Mother, onward,
Lead us still, thy loyal band.

Alma Mater, we invoke thee,
Let us see thy shining face;
Let us feel, we now implore thee,
All thy true, enduring grace;
With thy wisdom, Gentle Mother,
Gives us eyes that we may see
Truth our goal, our sacred duty;
Truth alone can make us free.
On thy banner ever glorious
Truth forever shall appear;
Crown thy children's hopes victorious
With the love that casts out fear.

Old Wake Forest, Gentle Mother,
Other sons shall come to thee;
Come to love thy holy visage
In the years that are to be;
Give them richly of thy bounty
Generous, and naught withhold;
Give them courage for the battle,
Give them wisdom, make them bold;
May they feel thy benediction
As their names and fame are known;
Smile upon each new achievement;
Love and crown them for thine own.

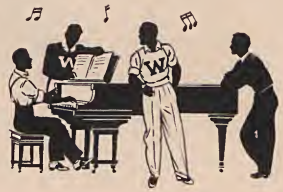
FORTY YEARS AGO, Charles P. Weaver, Wake Forest College junior, wrote the spirited "Here's to Wake Forest." He and Hubert M. Poteat stood in the bass section of the glee club, near the middle of the front row when his song was sung for the first time in 1903. He describes it as "the thrill of a life time when we sang for the first time my first song." His song headed the concert program for the tour of the glee club his senior year.

Today Dr. Charles P. Weaver, teacher and writer, writes his second Wake Forest song, "Gentle Mother," and Dr. Hubert M. Poteat composes the music. This song is expressive of a man who is no longer a college student, but who has matured under the lasting influence of his first college. "Its inspiration was the college we, her sons and daughters, love so dearly, the best of all foster mothers in the world. That is the way I feel about Wake Forest, and if I have managed somehow to say what thousands of others have felt but been unable to say, I shall be humbly grateful."

Young Weaver and Poteat will not sing the premier performance of "Gentle Mother" in a college glee club, but when the initial performance is sung, it will be the joint effort of Dr. Weaver and Dr. Poteat. When Dr. Weaver decided that "Gentle Mother" might be appropriate as the Wake Forest alma mater, he sent the words to Dr. Poteat for music. Dr. Poteat wrote original music which fits the words in such a way that the song practically sings itself. This is one of the two Wake Forest songs which have had original words and music, the other being "Sing of Wake Forest," composed by Jack Sawyer and Bobby Helm, then students at Wake Forest, in 1939.

Music Director Thane McDonald wrote the script for the cut of words and music on the opposite page, and analyzed the song. He says that for a hymn-type of college song, "Gentle Mother" has great possibilities. He pointed out the fact that the words and music blend extremely well.

There is a definite contrast in the two songs written by Dr. Weaver, but there is also a strong kinship of spirit. From "Here's to Wake Forest"



Her sons they are many, unrivaled
by any;
With hearts o'erflowing we will
sing her hymn.

And from the first verse of "Gentle Mother"

We, thy children, joyful sing,
Join our voices with each other,
Praise today to thee we bring;

the comparison may be drawn.

Writing has been as much a part of Dr. Weaver's life as teaching. He started his career at the age of eleven, and he was elected class poet of the graduation class of Greensboro High School, and class poet of his graduation class, '04, at Wake Forest. *The Howler* of 1904 carries a number of poems by him, one of which is the following:

INSPIRATION

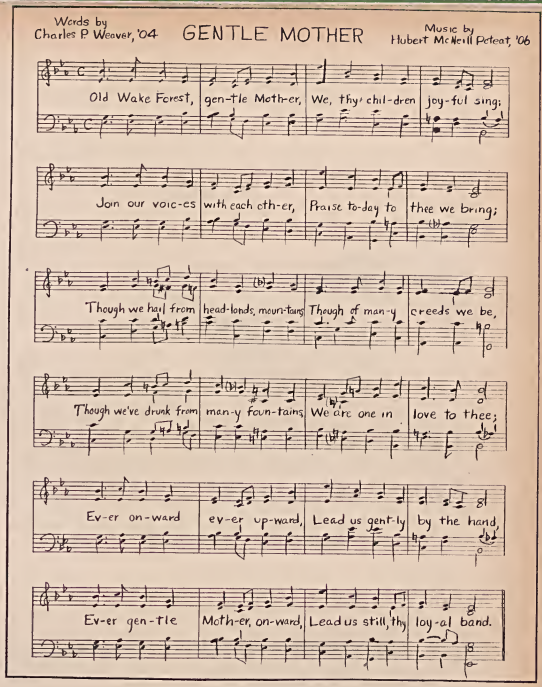
The hills are steep, dear heart.
Come lay your hand in mine,
And I will reach that topmost peak
Whereon the sinking sun doth shine
And carve thy name and mine,
Beyond the biting rust of time.

While a student here, Dr. Weaver won THE STUDENT short story medal, the Thomas Dixon essay medal, and was an editor of THE STUDENT. He was also president of the Philomathesian Literary Society, and graduated Magna Cum Laude. Once through high school and college, Dr. Weaver got his Ph.D. in English in 1922 from George Peabody College.

The course of his writing took him into the field of journalism for a brief interval, reporting for the *Baltimore News*, associate editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, and editor of the *Peabody Reflector* and *Peabody Alumni News*.

Wake Forest is by no means the only college with which Dr. Weaver has been intimately connected, but his continued devotion to his first college is expressed in his words, "Wake Forest's children do not really grow old, and I feel a great fondness and nearness for those who constitute her present student body. Somehow this song which I sang in the college glee club summarizes the wholesome attitude of Wake Forest men everywhere and in every age." It goes like this:

At twenty, when a man is young,
He thinks he knows it all;
He likes to wag his native tongue
And exercise his gall;
He struts about in noble rage;
The world is all his own;
He laughs to scorn the world of age
And lists to self alone;
At forty, as you may suppose,
He's knuckled down to biz;
'Tis not till sixty that he knows
How big a chump he is!



"Parenthetically, I think most Wake Forest men most lovable chumps."

He was a teacher of English at Wake Forest, Chowan College, University of Maine, University of Kentucky, Tennessee College and Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Dr. Weaver has retired to his 42-acre farm at Smyrna, Georgia, where he raises cattle, chickens, strawberries, apples, grapes, figs, and Boston bull dogs.

Dr. Weaver has written several songs and plays. Other songs from his pen are: "Love and Spring Have Come to Town," "My Chowan," "Sir Thopas," "A Lover's Landscape," "Help Me to Know, Lord," "God of the Universal Plan," "Baby Dreams," "Dearest Mother Mine." The music for the last selection was written by Mrs. E. L. Ashford, author of "My Task."

His plays are "The Masque of Fools," "Darling," "The Music Box," "The Meal Ticket," "The Path of Glory," "The Love Doctor" (musical comedy), and "Caroleen," an unfinished opera.

A teacher, a writer, a Wake Forest man, Charles P. Weaver has given to Wake Forest College a new alma mater.

None But the Brave

Pride and Courage and the Love of a Girl Go With a Soldier's Death

By MIKE CONNELLY

THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN that something that shoved him on. Pride, he had honestly labeled it. Pride had made him fling his frail body into football in high school, pride had kept him with his spare time jobs—at books in those three years of college. It had always pushed him forward when his every impulse was to flee. Nor had he wanted to fight, but like so many other American boys he had volunteered when his country called. Was it still pride that drove him? He told himself yes, and yet he could not be emphatically sure. That he had never been brave he was certain. Anyone would have saved that boy's life at the camp lake; he had simply had the opportunity—there was nothing else to do. The out of doors he had come to love, his books, yes, but they were secondary. His family, father, mother, younger sister, held his greatest loyalty. But for them he had thought to himself many times he would have been happy just to lead the life of a wanderer. Quietness he loved, but he yearned to see and know the world. Then there was that side of his life about which he said or did very little. There was a picture tucked away in his diary, but he was shy. He thought to himself that she would always be more like a sister to him, something that held him back. But now was hardly the time to verse all this.

"The God of War's having a field day, and I'm right under his nose," he thought. He visioned the task ahead. "What makes me want to do this, I don't know . . . somebody's gotta; may as well be me . . . always liked to smash things anyway."

"You spoke first, Rann," the Lieutenant was saying, "I suppose you know what your task will be." Determination covered the fear in his eyes. They met those of his superior.

"Yes, sir, I'm ready." He wrung the hands of his buddies in the trench. The officer shoved the dynamite into his hands.

"Good luck, Corporal; we'll cover you the best we can. Remember, that bridge must be blown up. If the Japs thrust again over that point we may not be able to stand. With the river between us, we can hold them off till the new men come up."

"I'll do my best, sir." He peered ahead into jungle.

"Take it easy, fellows; save a cigarette for me." As he pulled himself up over the trench edge, his mind raced back to the night before. He had glanced at the picture in the back of his small, crumpled, black diary. She wasn't beautiful; just an ordinary brunette; fresh, cute, American. He had written opposite her picture on the last page: "I have no more space, these may be my last written words:

None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. So I have gone to war, for you and for America."

Day was breaking as he began to creep on hands and knees the fifty yards to the bridge. The mist, rising into the already sultry air, helped to hide him from the snipers on the other side of the river, but only added to the discomfort caused by the perspiration that soaked his shirt and trickled from under his helmet. The dew covering the thick undergrowth through which he crawled made his footing none too steady. He wormed his way through the first net of barbed wire hidden in the bullet-riddled jumble that spanned the distance between the bridge and the entrenchments of the American beach-head on the island. He was alone now; the tittering of the few birds left in the vicinity grated his nerves.

He crept forward, every nerve on edge, oblivious of the scratches he was receiving from the rough terrain.

How lovely the Christmas eve before had been. The soft chords of the organ, the glow of the tall white candles in the little church. He was getting restless as the service droned on; she nudged him and indicated the face of her tiny watch . . . twelve midnight. "Merry Christmas," she whispered, smiling up at him. He smiled down. A Merry Christmas. Reality jarred memory from its seat. "None but the brave. . . ."

Now he was nearing the bridge. He lunged too heavily against a small bush; it twitched nervously to and fro. He flattened himself against the ground just as a rifle's crack broke the stillness and mud spattered up beside him. The heat of the jungle vanished before the cold sweat that beaded on his forehead. Every muscle in his body snapped taut. He lay still, dreading to move, glancing back over his shoulder to the foxhole. "None but the brave. . . ."

They had discovered him now; he had to move more slowly, every movement of the growth about him brought a new burst of firing from the enemy snipers. Soon a machine gun joined them and sprayed the thicket with pellets of steel. He hugged the ground closer . . . the bridge couldn't be far now. Planting the switch he moved on, stretching the wire behind him as he went. There it was ahead . . . a few clear feet and then the long, low suspension bridge stretched over the murky river. It was a solidly constructed bridge, but supported only by the steel and concrete pillars on each side of the river. This contact destroyed, the Japs could be held until reinforcements arrived.

Rhapsody in Blue . . . they both loved that. Dancing in the dark; walking hand in hand by the little lake in the park. The campus magnolias in the spring. Spring would have to come again for him; it must. . . .

He dashed across the open space amid a burst of machine gun fire from the opposite shore. The batteries behind him answered and the hot steel sang over his head.

He dived flat on his stomach into the mud under the bridge.

Shouts came from the opposite side. The enemy was starting to move across the river. He could hear the vibrations of the cables as the troops advanced against the withering fire of the American posts. The Japs fell back. He worked feverishly as he made the final connections . . . they were coming again, faster, harder, this time. He dashed for the bushes . . . a machine gun sprayed his back from half-way across the river. He stumbled, fell, pulled himself forward on all fours. The blood was gushing fast now . . . he could see the switch ahead through the blur . . . he rose, staggered forward . . . the staccato bark of the machine gun came again. He fell limp across the switch.

The bridge head erupted with a deafening roar . . .

"None but the brave,
None but the brave . . . deserves the fair."

It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven and Hell. St. Peter appeared at the broken part of the gate and called to the Devil. "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time!"

"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a mere gate."

"Well, then," growled Pete, "I'll have to sue you for breaking our agreement."

"Oh, yeah," said the Devil, "where are you going to get a lawyer?"

—*Urchin.*

Mother: Sonny, don't use such bad words.
Son: Shakespeare used them.
Mother: Well, don't play with him.

Feudal Lord: I hear you misbehaved while I was away, son.
Knight: In what manor, sir?

Cinderella: Godmother, must I leave the Ball at Twelve?
Good Fairy: You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing.

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Over the River

(Continued from page 6)

You shall be the fairy queen,
If you will come over across the river.
Come over, come over."

"What harm can it do?"
Thought the little girl.
"I won't be gone long.
I'll only stay a little while.
I will play with the fairies for only a little while.
Then I'll come back again.
Then I'll return from the land of dreams,
And the little old lady will never know."

So she crossed the river to play with the fairies.
She went across to the land of dreams.
She meant to stay a little while,
Only a little while.
After a little while she would return.

The little old lady came out of the house,
Looking for the little girl,
Calling to the little girl,
"Where are you, little girl?
Come now to me,
Come to the little house beneath the great oak tree."

"Here I am," called the little girl to the little old lady.
"Here I am across the river,
In the land of dreams.
Come over, come over,
It's so lovely here."

"Come back," screamed the little old lady.
"Come back to me!
You must not stay.
You must not stay.
You said for a little while,
Only a little while—"

"Oh, no," said the little girl,
"I'll never return.
I'm one of the fairies,
I'm queen of the fairies.
See how I sit on a golden throne
With a golden crown
On my golden hair.
I'll never, no never, I'll never return.
How strange you look on the other shore!
You must be in the land of dreams,
For the fairies are real.
And you must be a dream.
Come, fairies, let's dance in a fairy ring.
One, two, three.
Who wants to dance with me?
We'll sip the dew from a violet;
We'll sip the nectar from a rose.
We'll ride the grasshopper kangaroo.
We'll fly through the air on the wings of a lark.
We'll have a lovely, lovely time.
The land of dreams is a wonderful land.
I'll never go back to the other shore,

I cannot go back to the other shore.
I'll laugh and play the live long day
In the beautiful land of dreams."

The little old lady held her old gray head
In her little wrinkled hands.
Back and forth she rocked.
Back and forth.
Moaning, groaning,
Groaning, moaning,
Over and over again intoning:

"She went across the river.
She went across the river.
And she never will return.
No, she never will return.
For once you've crossed the river
You never can return."

To Jump or Not to Jump

(Continued from page 5)

position—left foot forward—right foot back—knees slightly bent, hands on outside of door, chin up—eyes straight ahead. It was the same position which we had practiced thousands of times in the mock-up planes and towers. My position in the door didn't bother me much, for I knew that I had practiced it enough. My fear was that my jump from the door might be too weak. There was a story in the parachute school about a man who barely stepped out the door. When his 'chute opened, it was so close to the plane that it caught on the tail. After the plane circled the field several times, a knife was dropped by a cord to the man dangling from the tail of the plane. He cut himself free, pulled his reserve, and made a safe landing. Only a short time later, he broke his neck in a motorcycle accident—but, I fought to forget such stories, for I knew that they would be an inducement not to jump.

Number two took his position, ready to pivot into place to leave the plane as soon as number one jumped. The rest of us pushed up—close to each other. The suspense was heavy.

"GO!" And number one was out—where—I didn't know. Anyway, he was no longer there. Then number two jumped, and the shortening line moved toward the door. As the next three men jumped, I tried to look out the door for a last-minute assurance that the 'chutes would open. From my position I could see nothing but the pack cover as the static line ripped it off.

Suddenly, I realized that number six was gone; there was no one ahead of me! I left the plane—under what power, I don't know. Even now, I can't say whether I jumped, or whether someone pushed me. I remember a tremendous prop blast catching me outside the door, and it felt as though I sailed horizontally for several yards. Then—jerk!—I seemed to stop. Something strong and powerful pulled upward on my shoulders. I raised my hands and felt the risers leading to the suspension lines. I looked upward, and in that moment I experienced the greatest thrill of my life. Strongly supporting me in

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the clouds was a big, white canopy. It looked like an umbrella, but in that moment, much more beautiful.

Then I remembered that I had failed to count, "One-thousand—two-thousand—three-thousand," as I had been taught in the Parachute School. I was supposed to be ready to pull my reserve, if, when I said "three-thousand" the main 'chute hadn't opened—but, for some reason, I didn't worry about that as I floated toward the ground.

One jumper drifted under my feet—about five yards nearer the ground than I. For a moment I feared that I might descend fast enough to land upon the 'chute below me. In such a case there would be a possibility of collapsing both 'chutes—which, in turn, would cause a rather speedy descent. I yelled to the man below me to get out of the way. We slipped in opposite directions, and the danger was soon passed.

There was only a minor sensation of descent. I remember a pleasant tremor in my muscles, and it seemed that I was supported by a cloud—high above the earth. I could feel the wind as it blew in puffs and caused me to oscillate, like a giant pendulum. Then as I neared the earth the collapsed canopies of previous jumpers seemed to grow larger, and I realized that I had one more important problem—that of making a safe landing.

I had a sore left-ankle, and I knew that it would be necessary to violate the rules of landing which I had learned in the school. Instead of coming in forward, I came in backward. Instead of having my back to the wind, I had my face to the wind. Instead of landing on two feet, I landed on my right foot only. Instead of tumbling to absorb the shock, I relaxed, and fell on my right side. But one rule I followed. When I was five-feet from the ground I gripped my risers and gave a vigorous downward pull which checked my downward descent. That was the easiest landing I had in all of my five qualifying jumps.

For a moment I lay upon my back and gazed at the blue sky—and, as I lay there I saw tiny objects tumbling from the door of an airplane high above the earth. Above the objects, small, white umbrellas blossomed, and the two floated earthward—and I laughed to myself with an unrestrainable self-satisfaction, as I realized what I had done.

"Anything wrong, Corporal?" I turned my head and saw a lieutenant approaching. Having seen me lying upon my back, gazing into space, he probably thought that I was injured.

"Oh, no, Sir—I'm quite all right. That's a lot of fun—don't you think, Sir?"

"I guess so," he said as he walked away with a smile on his face.

I rolled up my 'chute and headed for the truck which was waiting to carry us back to the hangar—and I don't doubt but that grandpa began spinning in his grave.

A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "Last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

—*Froth.*

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This Food is My Undoing

(Continued from page 7)

ideas as to what their customers should eat — a circumstance which no doubt contributes greatly to the present condition of things.

For example, I stopped by the "Greasy Spoon Eats Shoppe," a downtown establishment, for dinner not long ago. Walking in, I met a serious-faced fellow, who glared at me with such ferocity that I involuntarily saluted. He shoved me into a chair, and while I cringed, waiting for the blow, he asked me in a very gruff voice if someone had taken my order. I managed to tell him finally that I wanted stew beef, cole slaw, and candied yams and coffee. Ten minutes later he returned with a burnt pork chop, a double order of butter beans, and a glass of sooty orange juice.

At this point I am filled with nausea. Some day when the war is over, maybe we can return to those Elysian days of fried chicken, coconut pie, and strawberry shortcake. But until then we can only say with the ministerial student who, called on to ask the blessing, began, "Protect us our Father. . . ."

Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

of this issue) is well worth the reading time. Carroll's commanding officer, reading the article for censoring purposes, commented that he had read quite a few accounts of first jumps but that Carroll's was the most realistic of any he had yet encountered. Barracks mates declared upon reading it that it made them "shiver even more than the jump itself." Those are the reactions from the article of men who do the same thing time and time again.

An angry kangaroo suddenly yanked its offspring from its pouch and smacked it across the snoot, exclaiming bitterly: "I'll teach you to eat crackers in bed."

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THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 5

SPRING 1943

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

TROUBLE FOR TOJO! It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load than any naval dive-bomber in existence. At the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy . . . smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

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VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT OF THE NAVY'S NEW CURTISS DIVE-BOMBER

THEY can look terrific on paper . . . meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air . . . when you *fly* it.

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SPRING has come to Wake Forest again. The season found that some things have changed in the course of a year, many things are gone, but that Wake Forest students, tired of the cold winds, icy rains, and bleak days of winter, awaited her coming as eagerly as ever.

In the past we have known spring by excited shouts from baseball bleachers as a hitter lifted the horsehide sphere high into the air; walks over the grassy hills of the golf course; the swish of the tennis racket to meet the approaching ball; peals of laughter and gurgles of pleasure from the swimming pool; droopy eyelids; cool, loose clothing and light colored footwear as we chucked aside overcoats and sweaters; the lightly turning of the young man's fancy; students retreating from the sultry atmosphere of classrooms to the cool, green grass beneath the shade of dogwood and magnolia trees.

This year baseball, a vital part of spring at Wake Forest, has gone, and we have to content ourselves with late afternoon games of softball on Gore Field. The USO has the community house and by the same virtue the only swimming pool in the vicinity. But in other respects spring at Wake Forest is much the same as in past years. Our spirits soar as we anxiously await the peal of the bell to dismiss class for the afternoon, so that we may go for a round of golf, a tennis match, or with our books to the soothing shade of a dogwood or magnolia tree, where we may sprawl lazily on the grass to look over our lessons for the next day.

Next spring may find Wake Forest in another war year, but she will find those students who might still be here, looking forward to her arrival and the joy that is spring in Wake Forest.

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX — NUMBER 5

MARCH 1943

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Herbert Thompson ..... *Editor*
Hoyt Dozier ..... *Business Manager*
Dr. E. E. Folk ..... *Faculty Adviser*
Dr. H. B. Jones ..... *Faculty Adviser*
Alan Stansbury, Frank Todd ..... *Staff Artists*

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Bill Daniels — Fred Hofmann
Betty Stansbury — Betty Black
Gil Brande

In This Issue

Strictly Incidental 2
Timely bits of campus lore

Of Cabbages and Profs ..... Leslie Fowler 3
Faculty members, hoes, seed, victory gardens

For Rent: One Diamond ..... Ken Nelson 4-5
The college's oldest sport is cancelled

The Noblest Offerings of Worship ..... Martha Ann Allen 6
Dr. Hubert Poteat and Wake Forest church music

A Moment of Beauty ..... Paul Brunner 7
A lovely spectre and a moonlit night

'No Character at All' ..... Elizabeth Jones 8-9
A Negro servant is victimized by society

He Wanted to Be an Editor 10
From the cradle to the deadline

A Modern Proposal ..... Burnette Harvey 11
The thinking modern will marry a cow

Cover by Jim Middleton

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Strictly Incidental

• *From our Hats Off corner* this issue, THE STUDENT salutes publications stalwart William Berry Primm,

man of many positions, who left with departing ERC students several weeks ago, as perhaps the most versatile to walk from the college's doors in many years.

His was a phenomenal rise. His freshman year, Primm was nominated for president of his class, was swamped in the primary to stand by and watch two other classmates fight it out for the position. Last spring, in the latter half of his junior year, Kappa Sigma's Primm was again nominated—again for the presidency of his class, this year's senior class. The then active Student Political Union realized Primm's strength as a vote-getter, did not bother to name a candidate to oppose him. He slid into office uncontested.

Since that freshman year, the versatile youth from Rome, Georgia, has gone places in campus life. When he left Wake Forest to don khaki for Uncle Sam, dangling from his key chain were symbols of membership in Phi Beta Kappa, ODK, *Who's Who Among Students* (the latter two acquired first semester of his junior year), the Monogram Club, and the Student Council.

In the course of this year Primm was in the limelight of campus activity as college sports publicist, sports editor of *Old Gold and Black* (a post which he also held last year), editor of *Old Gold and Black* since December, 1942, when former editor Bob Gallimore was drafted, president of the senior class, president of the monogram club (he was a three-letter man on the college baseball team), member of the student council, an active fraternity man.

Georgian Primm left many campus positions, jobs which he filled capably and efficiently, to enter the U. S. armed forces. THE STUDENT offers a salute—Wake Forest has had few men like him.

• *An astronomy student was telling us* the other day of a rather humorous incident that occurred recently in the observatory over Lea Laboratory. It seems that 'Fessor Carroll had carried the class up to get a glimpse of the full moon through the telescope, in order that they might observe the craters, lunar seas, moon pies and what-have-you on the planet's surface. The line formed around the telescope, and each student excitedly waited his turn. Suspense was heavy. The first observer stood squinting through the long barrel of the telescope for some time, finally murmured an awed, "God!" "Aw, go on," playfully joshed 'Fessor, "it ain't *that* powerful, is it?" Potential astronomists snickered.

• *Ensign Tom Ivey "Boredface" Davis,* renowned *Old Gold and Black* business manager of two years past, was in Deacontown a couple of weekends ago for a visit to brother John Dixon and the "old gang." Since he was commissioned in the U. S. Naval Reserve a year ago, "Bored" has been operating on a coastal patrol boat, of which he himself is skipper, from the Charleston base.

Ensign Davis was telling of several interesting exploits on the Atlantic Coast, one of which was the acquiring of a mascot for his boat. It seems that he and his crew were plowing along through the billows late one afternoon when they espied a steel life raft tossing about on the waves. Hastily they sped to the rescue. In the raft they found nothing but some discarded clothes (indicating that some human had at one time been on board), an unopened can of beans, a can opener, a hunting knife, a small compass, and a mother cat with seven young kittens. Their booty they took back to the base, but they kept one of the kittens on their boat for a mascot. The appropriate name given it: "Eureka."

• *A recent issue of the N. C. State Wataugan* carried an enlightening revelation which we thought would possibly be interesting to pass on to our readers. Occasion was the publication of the official election returns of the N. C. State A. K. Chapter of Alpha Sigma Sigma, honorary you-know-what fraternity. In a write-up of the illustrious history of the organization, said the *Wataugan*: "Since its organization, the grand old fraternity has grown until it boasts chapters in practically every recognized college in the country and claims that it has potential members at every school. The purpose of the organization is to bring about a better understanding between this type of student and his classmates. Wake Forest and Carolina maintain the largest two chapters in the United States."

Well, well. Look who's talking.

• *History repeated itself recently* in the case of two Wake Forest alumni in the Pacific War theatre. Fred Welch, '41, former Deacon football player and president of Kappa Sigma fraternity, in a letter to Kappa Sig prexy Jack Baldwin told of an unusual meeting with a brother somewhere on the Pacific for a second time under similar circumstances.

It seems that while in school here,

(Continued on page 15)

Of Cabbages and Profs

Faculty Members Don Overalls to Go All Out for Victory in Uncle Sam's Food for Freedom Program

By LESLIE FOWLER

IF YOU ARE WALKING around Wake Forest and see a man in worn, smudgy overalls, battered hat and muddy shoes, speak kindly to him. He will probably be one of your professors whom you may have difficulty in recognizing in work clothes, in contrast to his well-groomed appearance in class.

For the Wake Forest faculty has gone in for victory gardens. Even those who have never wielded a hoe before and had to buy books on "How to Farm" have bought dozens of seed packets, and have been sticking them in the ground in one fashion or another.

Since Secretary of Agriculture Wickard announced in the fall after Pearl Harbor his goal which he called "the greatest production in the history of agriculture," there has been an increase in Wake Forest back yard activities. Before the actual planting long hours were spent dreaming with a seed catalogue. (Professor Aycock was one of those dreamers who particularly enjoyed the seed catalogue stage.) After this came the plowing, and in March and early April the seeds were planted.

Now in faculty backyards where formerly there were rows of snapdragons, the delicate heads of allium cepa (onions to the uninitiated) have made an appearance. Students who have been worrying about the faculty food supply can now find peace of mind. Our professors will

eat, and furthermore they intend to eat well!

Gardening is not new to many of the professors. Dr. Pearson is one of those experts who have been gardening for years. It is such a commonplace thing for him that he insists that his is not a victory garden, but just a garden as it has been for years. Others, including Dean Bryan, Professor Gay and Mr. Patterson, have had much experience, but such greenhorns as Dr. Folk found it necessary to seek advice from the more experienced, especially about potato planting.

Coach Utley's garden, which is approximately one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, is one of the largest. However, the Stansbury, Gay, Pearson, Bryan, McDonald-Stroupe, Griffin, Olive, Easley, Rea,

Brown, and Clonts plots are large enough to yield a large quantity of vegetables for immediate consumption and for canning. Dr. H. B. Jones frankly admits that his victory garden is small and that it is not looking very victorious.

The most popular vegetables are the old standbys: cabbage, lettuce, onions, beets, string beans, okra, squash, green peas, potatoes, etc. Professor Memory will probably plant a large supply of okra. Last year he planted an acre. Tomatoes, corn, and the other late summer vegetables will be planted in due time. Carrots are very "good" this season. They, as do the leafy vegetables, cabbage, lettuce, etc., contain a large amount of Vitamin A,

which is a necessity for good vision. (The better to read papers with, students.) In the Stansbury garden there will be, in addition to the customary flora, red raspberries, strawberries, and parsnips. The Pattersons intend to plant sweet potatoes after having made a successful crop last year.

Several have combined their resources and are planting gardens together. The Cockes have a share in two gardens, one with the Earps and one with the Wyatts. The Stroupes are share cropping with the McDonalds, Mr. McDonald bearing the financial burden and Dr. Stroupe doing the work. Dr. Speas has shares in gardens with Dr. Parker and Professor Memory. Thus the coöperative spirit persists.

Our professors are not only growing vegetables this season—in many backyards there are fruit trees and

(Continued on page 14)

For Rent: One Diamond

For the First Time Since the Turn of the Century, Gore Field is Minus the Presence of Wake Forest's Oldest Sport

By KEN NELSON

LATE IN FEBRUARY the Athletic Director, the President, and the Bursar met. Not long after, they issued a streamer story to the *Old Gold and Black* sports editor. "There will be no more baseball as long as the war lasts," they said.

And so did Wake Forest's favorite spring sport, and the college's oldest sport, quietly go the way of tennis, golf, and track, also stored for the duration. A few of the veteran diamondmen got together for one or two games with professionals and "B" teams from other colleges, but the ERC called up several of the best players and put a stop to that. And for the first time since the turn of the century, Wake Forest was left without the slightest semblance of a baseball nine.

However, there is little doubt that the game will be revived here after the war. Since that day in 1866 when the diamond sport was played in Deacontown for the first time, baseball at Wake Forest has survived two wars, and this one should prove no exception.

Although it lacks a little of the color that goes with football, baseball is as well liked at Wake Forest as the gridiron game. As the college's oldest sport, it has had a colorful place in Wake Forest sports history.

As has been the case with most athletics, baseball had no easy time in making a place for itself in the sports program at Wake Forest. In fact, the records show that it did not become permanently established here until 1902.

It seems that in the early days most non-participants gave no encouragement and showed little interest in the game. Consequently, no progress was made during the first few years. And then in the early 1870's when the sport finally did begin to take on popularity at Wake Forest, Southern colleges were invaded by professional players who migrated from the North to the warmer climate where they were able to start playing ball much earlier in the year. With these professionals overrunning the schools, collegiate baseball was at a standstill.

The Late Coach John
He turned out champions.

However, by 1889 professionalism had been eliminated in most of the colleges. The Deacon nine of that year enjoyed a good season, and baseball at Wake Forest had started on the upgrade once again. Each year the sport gained more popularity, and Wake Forest continued to turn out good teams.

The 1894 Deacon baseballers, who played four of their games on a trip through Virginia, finished the season with but one defeat. R. T. Daniel, father of "Hobo" Daniel, Wake Forest football star of several seasons ago, captained the team of that year. Another outstanding player for the Deacs that season was Sam Holding, now a local doctor.

In 1896 thirteen contests, the largest number ever scheduled by Wake Forest up to that time, were played, and it appeared that baseball was here to stay. However, when the Spanish-American War broke out, enthusiasm for the game died, and little baseball was played in Deacontown for several years.

After the turn of the century, however, the diamond sport had its real beginning here. John G. Mills, son of a Wake Forest professor, became the first official coach of baseball here in 1902. That season, sparked by Odes "Reddy" Mull, a hard-hitting outfielder, Wake Forest won eight of the ten games played. With Mull back the next year, the Deacs won their first seven contests but then met stronger opposition and ended the season with eight wins and nine losses. Captain Ray Dunn, Henry Harris, and Fred Sams were other outstanding players of the 1903 squad.

In 1904, with S. R. Edwards doing most of the pitching, Wake Forest defeated five of North Carolina's strongest teams and claimed the unofficial state title. The following year, with a new coach, Dick Crozier, the Deacs had another good season and again claimed the state championship. Leading players that year were Captain Earl Smith, S. O. Hamrick, and George Goodwyn.

For the next four years Deacon teams were only mediocre, but in 1910, 1911, and 1912, Wake Forest once again put out the best clubs in the state. During the 1910 season Phil Utley, now director of gymnasium, turned in one of the best pitching performances in the

history of college baseball up to that time when he allowed only one hit as the Deacons defeated Carolina in thirteen innings. In 1911 Utley was captain of the team, but because of a shoulder injury was unable to pitch. However, he shifted to first base and continued top-notch playing.

Gaither Beam, whose son is a sophomore at Wake Forest now, was a star outfielder for the 1912 nine. The leading hitter of that year's team was Sam Turner, whose .374 batting average was unusually high for a college player in those days.

Led by the pitching of H. H. Cuthrell, who struck out fourteen straight batters in one game, and the hitting of captain G. M. Billings, the 1913 outfit became not only the best team in North Carolina, but also one of the outstanding clubs in the South. The Deacons were victorious in 23 of the 26 games played that year.

Following that extraordinary season, Wake Forest had only average teams for the next few years, and in 1917 and 1918, the war, as had the last one, caused a decline in baseball here. But the Deacons weren't held back for long, and in 1919, under the direction of Coach I. E. Carlyle, Wake Forest defeated every other college team in North Carolina to capture the state title again. That year the dependable pitching of Sax Barnes and the home runs of F. A. Blanchard were extremely helpful to the Deacs.

It was six years before Wake finished on top again. That was in 1925, the year that Frank Armstrong, now a brigadier general with the American Bomber Command in England, captained the Deacs to the state championship. Two of Armstrong's teammates that season were Murray Greason, present Deacon basketball and baseball mentor, and Vic Sorrell, who later pitched for the Detroit Tigers. All three gained berths on the All-State nine.

In 1926 John C. Caddell, who had been turning out championship freshman teams for five years, was appointed varsity mentor. His first Deacon nine won nineteen and lost seven to capture the state title. His Deacs finished the next season with a record of thirteen victories and four defeats and placed second in the Big Five.

Those first two varsity squads turned out by Coach John exemplify the rest. In the nineteen years that he directed Wake Forest baseball teams, both freshman and varsity, his teams were either state champions or runners-up every season but two.

Coach John turned out his best clubs in 1932, 1933, 1936, and 1937. Junie Barnes' pitching along with the hitting of "Monk" Joyner and Johnnie Hicks were decisive in winning the state title in '32. And when all three returned the next year, the Deacs were almost certain of repeating. But the three stars were injured in an automobile accident early in the season and never again regained their full strength. Even so, Wake finished second in the Big Five that year.

The pitching staff of John Gaddy, Forrest Glass, and Carl Byrd plus the outfield of Doyt Morris, Dwight Hall, and Eddie Yount were responsible for the success of the '36 team, which won nine and lost four against Big Five competition to win the state championship. With many of the same players back the following season, the Deacons won twenty-one games while losing four and were state champs again.

Four men who played ball under Coach John at Wake Forest have made good in the major leagues. John Buddy Lewis, who was a member of the 1934 freshman team, played regularly with the Washington Nationals

(Continued on page 16)

A game scene on Gore Field

There'll be no more for the duration.

Noblest Offerings of Worship

Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat Has Done Much to Increase an Appreciation of the Standard Church Hymn Among Wake Forest Students

By MARTHA ANN ALLEN

DR. HUBERT McNEILL POTEAT is listed in the Wake Forest College catalogue as teacher of Latin at Wake Forest College. Behind that title is found a man who has taught Wake Forest men much more, a part being the love and appreciation of the standard church hymn.

One of his primary purposes in this work has been to obliterate from the minds of people with whom he came in contact the liking for the cheap gospel hymn, which has grown in popularity tremendously in the last decade. Dr. Hubert has waged a righteous war on this "secular" music for more than twenty years. During the thirty or more years that he was organist and choir director for the Wake Forest Baptist Church, he allowed only the stately beautiful church hymn to be sung in the church. This practice bred an appreciation for the standard hymn into the Wake Forest student, and this appreciation grows and flourishes with years.

While in school here the students are not aware of any definite change in their musical tastes; in fact, it seems to be true that the men have to get away from school and think back before they realize that their appreciation of the church hymn was elevated during their stay at Wake Forest. Then they remember going to church and singing rather different songs from some they had sung at home, and how slowly they came to appreciate the good hymn in preference to the cheap ones.

Concerning his travels over North Carolina to Baptist churches in every spot, Dr. O. T. Binkley remarked one day, "I have talked with graduates of Wake Forest in many places, and one thing they always mention is the music they used to hear in the church here and Dr. Poteat at the organ."

Students have often heard him skillfully undress the popular "gospel" or cheap hymn, and then say, "I think the church hymn is the most beautiful music ever written." He believes in the genuine hymn as strongly as he detests the hymn which is a poor imitation of jazz. In his book *Practical Hymnology*, he clearly takes his stand: "Our Lord is no mumbo-jumbo deity to be propitiated with dance hall ditties; He merits and demands the best and the noblest offerings of worship that we can bring, and the emotions and aspirations that ascend to Him on the pinions of song are too divine, too sacred, to be degraded and defiled by the cheap jingle of the street."

Dr. Poteat has a lecture based on this book which he has given over 250 times all over the country from Kansas City to Richmond to Atlanta. This lecture is a rare combination of humor and good common sense which shows how ridiculous swing hymns like "Brighten in the Corner" sound when sung side by side with "Onward, Christian Soldiers." You can imagine a song leader shouting to a congregation to "pep it up" by whistling the verses of "Love Lifted Me," then "sing out" on the chorus. No one would have the effrontery to abuse one of the grand old songs like "Beneath the Cross of Jesus" in a like manner.

Dr. Poteat still gives his lecture; in fact, on April 27, he gave it to the ministerial conference at Wake Forest.

However, better than his work as a musician, an author and a lecturer, is the personal contact and association with the students themselves, and his influence there.

One of the interesting results of his influence on the musical tastes in hymns on Wake Forest students has been the development of a keen appreciation of the good hymn in the ministerial students who go to the seminary.

What better person is there to recognize this effect on the students than one who deals with the musical education of the students at the seminaries? Statements from two just such men instigated this article.

I. E. Reynolds, director of music at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, says, "It is interesting to note Dr. Poteat's influence upon students who have come to our school from Wake Forest. Their appreciation of the standard hymns has been high. I feel sure, also, that he will never realize the wonderful impression he has made in this respect through his teaching and association with the students at Wake Forest College through the years."

Another man who is in the position to observe the ministerial students from colleges and universities all over the country and know their appreciation of the good

(Continued on page 12)

Dr. Hubert Poteat

"Our Lord is no mumbo-jumbo deity. . . ."

A Moment of Beauty

In Moon-flooded Woodlands a Spectre of Beauty Came to Him Enchanting the Air

By PAUL BRUNNER

Far down the broad path
Of the woodlands we went,
And night fell about us
For daylight was spent.

Then thick rolled about us
The blackness of night—
My love gripped my hand
With a passion of fright.
So softly the wind sang
A sweet lullaby—
Enraptured we thrilled
To the whippoorwill's cry.
A velvety blackness
Enveloped the wood
'Till scarce I could see her
Though by me she stood.
Close pressing beside me,
Her breath touched my ear,
While whispering softly
I banished her fear.
Oh sweet, oh how sweet
Was the rapture I felt,
While burning within me
My heart seemed to melt.
Then trembling we stood
In the chilling night air—
The night stole her from me,
Enclosing her there.
"If but I could see you,
My loved one," I cried.
And leaning her head
On my bosom, she sighed,
"My darling, I love you,"
Her hand touched my face
And left there a burning
I could not erase.

But suddenly streamed
From the blackness above
A moonbeam of silver
That fell on my love.
"A cloud has just broken
To set the moon free,
To bathe us in lovelight,
My darling and me."
The trees all about us
Came into the view
And down through the woodlands
The path stretched anew.
I saw there my loved one,
Alive in the light—
A spectre of beauty
All thrillingly white.
The moon struck her eyes
And they sparkled at me,
Like salt-spray flung diamonds
That leap from the sea.
Her hair glistened oddly,
With luster unknown,
With beauty that only
An angel could own.
"You must be the spirit
Of beauty," I cried,
Her bosom heaved gently,
She once again sighed.

And then with the speed
And quickness of light
She melted and faded
Away from my sight.
"O, why steal her from me,
You clouds high above?
Please free the soft moonlight,
And give me my Love!"
But darkness enclosed us
And trembling we stood,
Our hearts singing wildly
With birds of the wood.
In moon-flooded woodlands
I still see her there,
A spectre of beauty—
Enchanting the air.

'No Character at All'

Sarah Wanted to be an Honest, Hard-working Negro, but Mrs. Simmons Wouldn't Let Her

By ELIZABETH JONES

TO THE CASUAL observer it would seem to be the living room of a typical middle-class family. But Mrs. Simmons did not consider herself middle-class. She was an example of a big frog in a little pond. The little pond was a small town in North Carolina, and Mrs. Simmons was right on the top rung of the town's short social ladder.

A green rug covered the floor of the room. Green and white flowered drapes hung from the windows. There were a few comfortable chairs in the room, but the rest of the furniture was of the antique variety.

A small Negro girl knelt on the floor beside a tiered table, languidly dusting the jumbled collection of whatnots and humming softly to herself. The high cheekbones of her rather blank face bore heavy traces of rouge, but the red coloring seemed quite out of place on such a dark complexion. Her naturally kinky hair had succumbed to treatments of oil and lay close to her head. Her red print dress strained at the seams; there was an unmended rip under the right arm. And the toes of her shoes were cut out, for their former owner had had smaller feet.

But about the girl there was a certain suppleness and grace which was a part of her African heritage.

Parts of a telephone conversation drifted from the next room and the Negro girl listened unashamedly.

"Not really," sounded a shrill voice, "I never would have believed it of her. . . . But then she always was a little queer. . . . Yes, I was telling Roger only yesterday that. . . ."

The girl continued to dust idly until the conversation ended. As Mrs. Simmons entered the room she turned to her task with renewed diligence.

"Sarah!" said Mrs. Simmons with exasperation. "Are you still dusting that one table? It seems to me you get slower every day."

"Dis table's mighty hard to dus', Miz Simmons," the girl answered in her soft drawl. "I dus' an' dus' an' it seems like I find more dus' all de time."

The white woman turned away. She paused for a moment in front of the mirror to adjust her carefully waved hair. Her reflection was quite satisfactory to her. Her complexion was still good and very pale. Her nose was aristocratic. To be sure, there were a few touches of gray in her hair, but they added to the dignity of her appearance. Yes, on the whole, her looks suited Mrs. Simmons perfectly, and she turned from the mirror with an expression of complacency.

Sarah moved on to the piano keys. Nobody ever played the piano, but it remained in the living room for appearance. Mrs. Simmons sat down to her desk and picked up an account book.

"Dear me," she murmured to herself, "these bills are so baffling. Now I'm sure that I had more money in the bank last month than that. And I do not remember buying a hat. I'm sure I didn't buy a hat. Sarah," she called to the maid, "I didn't buy a new hat this month, did I?"

"Yes'm," replied the maid. "It was a blue hat with a red feather."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Simmons. In a minute a frown crossed her face again. She looked carefully over the surface of the desk and then bent over and looked on the floor under the desk. She straightened up.

"Sarah!" she said sharply. "I left a ten-dollar bill on the desk when I went to the 'phone. What happened to it?"

"I ain't seen no bill, Miz Simmons. Are you sure you left it there?"

"Don't be impertinent. Of course, I'm sure. I never make mistakes about things like that. I was going over my accounts here when I was called to the 'phone. And I left the ten dollars lying beside the book. You were the only person in the room. Now, what did you do with it?"

"Hones', I ain' seen it," Sarah said with fervor.

"Don't lie to me. Of course both of us know you took it. If you persist in lying to me you realize I will have to discharge you."

"Miz Simmons, I didn't take it. An' I need the money from dis job. I need it bad." Sarah was pitiful in her distress; her eyes were like the eyes of a whipped hound. But Mrs. Simmons was angry. She didn't think of the girl's situation at all. She simply realized that her money was gone, and Sarah was the only logical taker. So she said:

"That's enough, Sarah. You may get your things and leave at once."

As the girl turned slowly and with her head lowered, the white lady sent a parting thrust. "And be sure to take with you only what is yours."

The little house in colored town where Sarah lived with her mother and father contrasted sharply with the house in which she worked. The yard was hard dirt with one big oak and a few scraggly bushes as vegetation. But Sarah's mother was proud of her yard. She swept it carefully each way with a broom made of dogwood branches tied together with twine. She had outlined the walk and the tree with smooth, round stones. The little house seemed to crouch under the big oak, reminding one of the house wherein lived the crooked man who walked a crooked mile. And Sarah's father was so bent with rheumatism, and Lord knows what other ailments, that he might easily have been the crooked man himself.

With dragging steps Sarah went up the walk, up the sagging steps and in the door. It was a barren room. The

furniture consisted of a table, a few rickety chairs, and a small wood stove. On the table were a cluster of violets in a bottle, a Bible and a figure of a china dog. A work-aged woman was bent over the stove. A big apron was tied about her ample waist. Her hair was hidden by a cap made of a stocking. As Sarah entered the room her mother looked up.

"What you doin' home dis time of day for? Did Miz Simmons give you de day off?"

Sarah stood silent for a moment. Then she sank into a chair. "I been fired," she said.

Her mother looked at her with incredulity. "You ain't been fired."

"Yes'm," said Sarah, "I been fired."

The old Negro moved over to a chair and sat down. "Why for," she asked. "Ain't you been doin' yo' work?"

"I been doin' my work all right." There was a pause. "Miz Simmons said I stole some money."

Her mother leaned forward. "You didn't take it, did you?"

"No, I didn't take it. I don't know anything about her money. But you know how white folks is. Dey git a idea in their heads an' cain't nothin' change it."

"Yes, I know how dat is. But what we goin' to do? You know how sick yo' pappy is. De doctor say if he don't hav dat medacin' he sholy gonno die. We got to have dat medacin'."

Sarah nodded her head but said nothing. A weak voice called from the next room. "Is dat Sarah?"

"Yes, dat's Sarah," answered Sarah's mother. To her daughter she said, "Stay here with him, Sarah. I'm gonna talk to Miz Simmons."

Some time later Mrs. Simmons, still peeved from the troublesome experience of the morning, was called to the door by the buzzing of the bell. There on the doorstep stood Sarah's mother. Mrs. Simmons noted the shapeless hat pressed on her head, her nondescript old dress, and her floppy shoes.

"How do, ma'am," announced this person. "I'se Sarah's mother, an' I wan' to talk to you 'bout her."

"Really," said Mrs. Simmons frigidly, "there's nothing to say."

"Yes, ma'am," the Negro woman continued placidly, "but you mus' be wrong. Sarah's a good girl. I always brung her up in de fear of de Lawd, an' Sarah wouldn't take nobody's money."

"I'm afraid that there's no possibility of mistake in the matter," said Mrs. Simmons, her voice becoming more and more like ice.

"Sarah woudn' take no money like dat," the old woman repeated stubbornly.

"Well, if that is all you have to say—"

"Ma'am, if you won't believe me, please take Sarah back anyhow. It won't happen again. An' we got to hav de money. Sarah's papa's flat on his back so sick de doctor say he cain't live without medacin'. An' de medacin' cost money—lots of money. De five dollars Sarah git each week is all we has. Used to be I could take in washin', but I'se had seeh a miz'ry in my back lately I cain't do it no mo'. So please, ma'am, don't fire Sarah. We got to git the medacin' fo' her pa. An' we got to eat."

After this long speech the old women stood there silent, with pleading eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Simmons. "Under the circumstances I couldn't possibly have her in the house again. I wouldn't feel safe. Perhaps Sarah can find another job in town."

The face of the mother dropped sadly and she shook her head with disappointment.

"But, ma'am, you know Sarah cain't git another job in town without you give her a character. Could you write one fo' her, please?"

"I'm afraid not," said the white woman sharply. "And now, good day." With a feeling of repulsion at the nerve of the old Negro, Mrs. Simmons abruptly closed the door, and the colored woman went slowly up the walk.

Mrs. Simmons went back into the living room, murmuring to herself, "These Negroes—give them an inch and they'll take a mile. What does she expect me to do after I caught the girl in the very act?"

She picked up her account book, laid aside since the incident of the morning. As she opened the book a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. The white lady leaned over and picked it up. A ten-dollar bill. Why, she must have put it into the book when she was called to the 'phone! How stupid! All that disturbance for nothing.

Then into her mind flashed the thought of the maid accused of taking the money. She saw the girl leaving the room slowly and silently. And she heard her saying, "Miz Simmons, don't fire me. I need de money. I need it bad."

"How utterly stupid," murmured the white woman, petulantly. "Now what am I to do—apologize to the girl? And after all that to-do? I can fairly see everyone gloating, grinning like jack-o'-lanterns behind my back . . . the story would certainly go the rounds. No, I can't apologize. After all, she probably has been taking things.

(Continued on page 13

He Wanted to Be an Editor

Or a Compendious Biography of a College Journalist from the Cradle to the Deadline

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

It is well known among the members of human society that journalists and writers of any great calibre are born and not made. This may be the reason for the fate of the protagonist of this story. For it is well known too that those of highest quality have no trials and tribulations, and go merrily about their work, knowing full well that what they are doing is for the benefit of mankind, and is appreciated.

HE COULD not bawl "Extra!" before he could talk or walk, as he scampered across the floor in rompers and gurgled mysteriously to himself at the strange things about him. Nor had he cut his teeth on a type slug. He was a normal infant. He had not been seized by the compelling scent of printer's ink that might have wafted into his little two by four nursery from way over on the other side of town. And he, like all other normal babies throughout the town and nation, favored the sweet smell of Mennen's baby powder two to one, over the odor of the black fluid that conveyed the image of the lettered lead slug to the blank sheet. Evidently, he had not been born to be a journalist.

To begin with, then, we can assume that the Fourth Estate was not his calling. But so often in life ambitious youngsters forget to pay close attention to instructions, and turn to watch through the window a fleeting bird or a shapely woman passing by the room. Such must have been the case with our Hero, for his calling he did not hear.

When he became of age to sell newspapers he began his career in a big way, pounding the streets building a route for a morning daily, an evening daily, a comic weekly, and 25 copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* every week. Now most people before him had had the primary goal in view of someday becoming a vital part of the industry for which they were working. But not so with him. It is true that as he grew, his love for the printed sheet grew, but ambition to be more than a paper carrier was not yet to seize him.

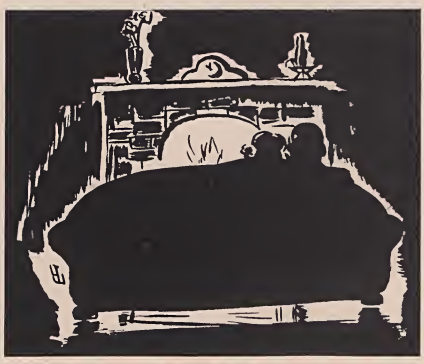
It first started in high school. There he worked on the school paper, of which he soon became one of the main cogs. From this sprang an ambition: a tiny leak at first, but soon welling into a good sized pool. The editor was the Extra High Grand God of the pressroom, and for that matter the high school student body, admired, revered, and respected by all. Although our Hero did not sit in the editor's chair at any time during his high school career, and had to content himself with plugging along to help, he dreamed the title and then and there decided that he would like to be an editor himself someday.

Time passed, and his ambition carried him to an institution of higher learning. In college he gladly accepted a position on the staff of the campus weekly as office boy, general runner of errands, and typer over of sloppy copy, and from his first weeks on the staff he would gaze, with a bit of fear perhaps, but nonetheless, enviously, at the Chief as that one played the big shot on his throne in the little office. And he would murmur eagerly to himself, "Gee, I sure hope that I can be an editor someday. Just to think . . . have everybody admire you, and respect you and look up to you and for people to call you editor, and regard your position with envy as you bask in the knowledge of your vocation. Everybody respects an editor—the guiding light of his environment. Whoopee damn! I sure hope that I can be an editor some day."

Time tripped slowly forward; days, weeks, months, half-semesters, and finally semesters, slipped slowly by in the passing current of time. His ambition was never sated. Kindling was heaped on the flame that flickered in his soul, and the fire burned brighter.

With the passing of time, prestige

(Continued on page 14)



—*Purple Parrott.*

"Throw another STUDENT on the fire"

A Modern Proposal

The Unmarried Man of Today Would Find it Profitable to Wed a Cow

By BURNETTE HARVEY

'Tis the day of the chattel
Web to weave, and corn to grind;
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

—EMERSON.

TODAY when the world is at war, when the future of men is being decided by machines, when technical and scientific developments are playing an unprecedented part in the retroactive evolution of civilization, it is time for thinking persons everywhere to take inventory and adjust their standards of value to modern trends. In the province of social organization, especially as relating to love, marriage and the family, one may see wide divergencies between modern, up-to-the-moment needs and judgments and the obsolete practices which are merely survivals of mankind's less enlightened ancestors. Surely there is no place for love between men and women with the spiritual and aesthetic qualities which it entails in the modern world. Recognizing this divergence between practice and standards and accepting the pragmatic tenet that whatever is most useful is good, I make this modern proposal.

The modern man should forsake the sentimental dilly-dallying necessitated by an amorous relation with a woman and seek to supply his needs, physical and spiritual (if such exist), by marrying a cow. There is little difficulty involved in such a scheme and so many advantages that it can hardly fail to recommend itself highly to the unmarried. There seems to be little hope that the contemporary thinker can offer to these unfortunate ones who are already entangled in the useless complexities of marriage to women. These unfortunates, however, have contributed admirably in other fields to the enlightenment of the unmarried. They have shown them by both precept and example that the truly necessary elements in living are material and that each must discard altruistic notions and supply his own needs.

To the discerning suitor bovine wedlock offers untold benefits. Man's essential needs are undoubtedly physical, hunger being the most basic. Unlike the far less productive females of our own species, the cow's continuous lactation affords a rich and certain supply of food. Since the modern desires variety in his mates, he would find it comparatively simple and practical to slaughter one spouse when he tired of her and secure another for a negligible sum. The hide of his ex-mate could be used profitably for the production of necessary clothing. In cases of necessity before the day of automobiles returns, the strong back of a cow offers a slow yet certain mode of transportation. Such a scheme should be especially attractive to the modern small farmer, for without difficulty he could utilize his wife to pull his plow. Though love hardly seems necessary in the marriages of today, any reactionary participants in the scheme could easily form an adequate and feasibly earthy marital affection for the cow he happened to be using at any time.

It is evident, of course, that this modern proposal only provides for men. Since the keynote of our lives is strength and force, there doesn't seem to be a place in the enlightened world of the future for the weaker sex. We advocates of this proposal may reasonably hope that through continued neglect women will decrease in vitality and eventually become extinct. Only the most useful should survive, and the cow has obviously won that right.

The student of eugenics might legitimately question the conjugal efficacy of the plan. Since such a scheme has never been tried before, it is impossible to describe the kind of offspring we might expect or to asseverate that the union will not be

(Continued on page 15)

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THE STUDENT

Noblest Offerings of Worship

(Continued from page 6)

hymn is R. Inman Johnson, director of music at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. In talking with some Wake Forest men at Ridgecrest several summers ago, he mentioned the high standard of appreciation of the true hymn among the boys who went to Louisville from here. In verifying this statement by mail, he stated, "It has been quite noticeable through the years that Wake Forest boys have had some training in appreciation of good hymns. They are familiar with them and sing them. I have always attributed this to Dr. Poteat's influence. Many of our students from other places are thoroughly unfamiliar with what we know as the 'good hymn'."

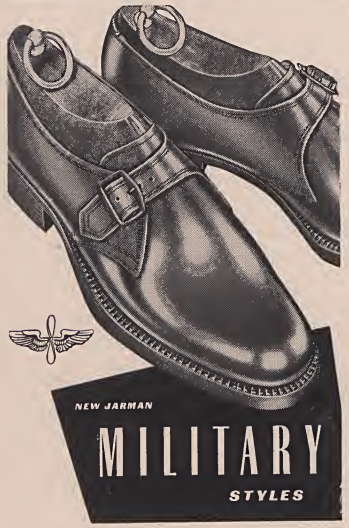
Not only is this influence noticed in boys just out of college, but men who have gone out to their own churches recognize in themselves the ability to build better worship through music because of the impression created on their minds by Dr. Poteat. Any one of the hundreds of preachers who have gone out from Wake Forest might be pointed out as an example of the lasting influence Dr. Poteat's war against the cheap hymn has had on him and his own church services.

One of these men is R. Paul Caudill, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Augusta, Georgia. Mr. Caudill says, "Whatever appreciation I may have of good church music, I attribute it in no small way to the influence of Dr. Hubert M. Poteat. He, more than any other individual I have known, assisted me in the cultivation of the ability to perceive and the capacity to enjoy good church music. He, more than anyone else, helped me to see the moral and spiritual value to be derived from a good standard hymn in the church."

It is only natural that Dr. Poteat's ideas on hymnology would be more readily absorbed by ministerial students, but at some time in the course of four years, all students hear something of this idea about doing away with secular hymns and they listen. Dr. Hubert doesn't try to shower anyone with an idea; he presents it as calmly as possible with his reasons, and students find his reasoning sound.

In *Practical Hymnology,* he pointed out the three ways to test a hymn: 1) the test of time, which makes it possible for a song to survive the pruning of hundreds of learned and devout men. Songs of this type which have survived the test of time are "Rock of Ages" and "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"; 2) the real and vital spiritual instinct which responds to the worshipfulness of a hymn. If the idea sung about is Heaven, then sing a song which expresses your idea of Heaven. Choose between the jingling measures of "I Will Shout His Praise in Glory" and the dignity and beauty in "Jerusalem, the Golden"; 3) the test of mature judgment.

Many a layman has unconsciously come under the influence of the good church hymn at Wake Forest, and years later that influence has come to light. When Joe Hamrick was in school here, he was interested in music, but he



AUTHENTIC AND APPROVED FOR SOLDIER OR CIVILIAN

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never thought he would be directing a church choir. Through his work as director of music in the schools in Fayetteville, he has become director of music at the First Baptist Church there. In speaking of the foundation for this job which he gained under Dr. Poteat, he gave his interpretation of Dr. Poteat's ideas: "You may rest assured that Dr. Hubert will have no part in tolerating the cheaper grade of so-called hymns that have been injected into many of our churches through the medium of radio and commercial hill-billy 'gospel' singers. On the other hand, he has long been a pioneer in promoting only the best in good standard hymn for use in our churches. I agree with Dr. Hubert thoroughly on this point and have made it a practice to use only good hymns in my work. I really would not know where to look for his equal in the field of hymnology, and I'm sure that his influence on our churches in the field of music is immeasurable."

It is indeed impossible to discover exactly how much this man has meant to music in the churches of North Carolina, but it is plausible to believe that wherever a Wake Forest man has settled, there an appreciation of good hymns took root.

Some men are able to point to Dr. Poteat as the foundation for their appreciation and enthusiasm for the cultivation of a love of the standard hymn. Others may never discover the basis of their resentment when a hill-billy band comes on the radio and announces that the hymn of the morning will be "Count Your Blessings," accompanied by Jeff on his guitar.

Whether the spirit for the love of good hymns came from Dr. Poteat himself or another, it is all a part of the movement stated in his book, "a sincere effort to fight the cheaper sort of popular (secular) songs."

'No Character at All'

(Continued from page 9)

I just hadn't noticed. All of them do. Perhaps if she asks me again I shall take her back. But it's really very stupid. And I detest scenes. Yes, the thing to do is just to let things stay as they are. It may teach her a lesson she deserves."

Several weeks later the incident had entirely slipped from Mrs. Simmons' mind. One afternoon she was entertaining at a table of bridge when the subject came up again. One of the ladies mentioned—

"That old Negro, Lucas Brown, died yesterday. It seems that the doctor had told him he must take the medicine he prescribed if he wanted to get well. But you know how those people are. They think their own primitive remedies are better than anything science could offer."

A murmur of agreement ran about the table.

"Doesn't his daughter work for you?" asked the lady.

"No," said Mrs. Simmons. "She used to, but I discovered she was taking things and I had to discharge her. You know how those Negroes are—no character at all! Now let me see. I bid one spade."

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Of Cabbages and Profs

(Continued from page 3)

in a few cases, chickens. In the Utley-Timberlake back yard there are apple, peach and cherry trees. The Bryans and the Stansburys will also have fruit—if the cold weather did not do too much damage.

As for meat, several are settling that by rearing a family of chickens. Dean Bryan bought chickens, and across the street, Professor Gay is nursing a brood in his basement. He has built an elaborate pen for them and a small balcony "a la Romeo et Juliet."

On the other end of town, Coach Utley is using all of his spare time in constructing a full size chicken house on part of his garden lot. If these ventures are successful, it is probable that others will follow, and thus, another angle of the food problem will be solved.

Despite any possible food surplus, professional bay windows will be definitely taboo this season. After the ordeal of teaching, the poor professors will be obliged to go home and use any surplus energy on the garden. The fact that hoeing temporarily ruins the golfing form will not cause them to shirk their duty. Vegetables will not thrive unless they have attention, and one must eat; so it will not be uncommon to see a faculty member out in the heat performing the necessary operations, possibly with a volume of Keats or "How to Garden in Ten Easy Lessons" in one hand and a hoe in the other.

Dr. Stroupe has already spent much energy in the garden that he and the McDonalds share. Mr. Mac has not been concerned with the physical labor, but he looks forward with mixed emotions to the time later (much later, he hopes) when he will go forth with rake and hoe. There is a scarcity of hired-help and everybody plans to do his own work—that is, unless he, like Dr. Potcat, has a strong dislike for gardening.

The weather has not been favorable to gardening this spring. The persistent cold hindered the growing process, and storms did much damage, especially to fruit. Attempts to have an early garden have not proved successful thus far. Professor Gay planted an early variety of tomatoes which he covered with hot caps (small tent-like structures) for protection. In spite of the frosty weather several plants survived, and banning any further mishaps, he will have a few early tomatoes. Mr. Patterson will probably have the first corn in the neighborhood, for his was planted very early, while the Easleys' peas have a head start on the others.

Some villainous moles played hide-and-go-seek in the Cocke garden and in the process pushed many young seed completely up. Later in the season, the usual hazards will appear, a swarm of birds will eat anything that suits their fancy, not to mention the weeds and morning glories.

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He Wanted to be an Editor

(Continued from page 10)

came to him as a member of the staff; but his was a thirst that only cracking the whip over a hustling staff could quench. He must move forward. He applied himself to his task more diligently than ever. He studied the publication, its weak spots and its strong points, and he reached conclusions which he knew

would make it a better news organ. He burned the candle at both ends.

Industriousness can not be overlooked—and it was not overlooked. His editor made him associate, and he worked all the harder. He dreamed—he prayed that his ambition would be fulfilled. The natural step followed. When the editor, renowned for his journalistic ability in his home town, was offered a position on a county weekly with a salary of fourteen dollars and thirty-three cents a week, he left school to take it. The sun of opportunity burst before our Hero and he bathed himself in its brightness. The crowning achievement of his life had come.

To his staff he planned to say: "Oh, stand aside you mice—make way for your master! All hail the emperor!" He was an editor at last. A dream, a dream of years, was fulfilled. Proudly he beamed at the staff of five people that first press night as they whipped loose copy from stubborn typewriters. He tilted his head back a little and chuckled triumphantly to himself. Editors before him had warned him that it was a tough job, that it was a thankless job, that the masses, the human knew no appreciation for the product of sleepless nights, sweat, blood, and tears—the college publication.

Again he chuckled to himself. They must be wrong. They had to be wrong. People weren't that stupid. People respected editors. People respected publications. People were appreciative. Labor was not futile. Nothing was vain. There was glory and prestige, and glory reigned supreme.

Oh, why did our Hero turn to look at that passing bird or the shapely woman—why did he miss his calling? What right had he to deserve the fate that was to await him? Disillusionment hovered like a menacing cloud above him.

The day his first issue came out, he strolled proudly into the postoffice and beamed smilingly to the students he passed as he entered. They looked at him quizzically and shrugged their shoulders. He felt sick when he saw several copies of his paper gaping from the postoffice waste baskets. There had been no more than there had on any previous day, but why should there be any this time?

To make things worse, he was unable to tell any difference in the way students spoke to him as he passed them on the campus. Didn't they know about his recent promotion? Or just didn't they care?

He got over his disappointment somewhat as time went on, and as issues passed he found that his was not the glorious life he had dreamed. The only shift in attitude in his public came when his publication failed to appear on time. Then a dozen or so students would approach him and wonder what the hell's the matter.

So the weeks glided by and the semester drew to a close. His year was done. His job was done, and to the best of his ability. A friend, chatting with him shortly before graduation, one day asked him, "I say, chum, whatcha going to do when the war's over?"

The reply came slowly, as he solemnly faced the inquirer: "Teach high school, I guess."

Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

Welch was doing a hospitalization stretch in the college infirmary when he first met Phil Sparrow, a member of the class of 1943. Their beds were alongside each other. They became close friends, and Welch influenced his ward mate to join Kappa Sigma.

Several months ago, Welch was again laid up in a hospital, this time on a South Sea island. One day while lying there thinking of Wake Forest days, a wounded man was brought in and placed on the cot next to him. It was brother Sparrow. And it was the first time the two had met since they left Wake Forest at the close of school in 1941.

Three deaf Englishmen were riding through England on a train. As they came to a town one said, "Ah, this is Wembley."

"No," said the second, "this is Thursday."

Said the third, "So am I. Let's get off and have a Scotch and soda."

—*Voo Doo.*

Teacher: Archie, do you want to leave the room?

Archie: You don't think I am standing here hitch-hiking, do you?

—*Wataugan.*

Officer: What's your name?

Draftee: Quitz Jones, sir.

Officer: Where'd you get that queer name, son?

Draftee: Well, sir, it was this way. When I was born, my dad came in and took one look at me and said to mom, "Lucy, let's call it Quitz!"

What did he say to the Dean when he was bounced?

He congratulated the school for turning out such fine men.

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

Then there's the girl who was so dumb that she thought the St. Louis Cardinals were appointed by the Pope.

Mother: What have you been doing all afternoon?

Son: Shooting craps, mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have.

A Modern Proposal

(Continued from page 11)

completely unproductive. In the event of fecundity or sterility of such a union, however, the ultimate achievement will be laudable. We might expect any offspring to be so physically constructed and of such low intelligence that the greatest altercation would result in nothing more alarming than a tangle of horns in a meadow. The problem of war would thus be eliminated. If the union between the genus homo sapiens and genus bos should prove sterile, nothing more could be desired, for gradually the world would be depopulated and the peace and calm of a primeval emptiness would again cover the world.

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For Rent: One Diamond

(Continued from page 5)

for six seasons before entering the Army Air Corps. Rae Scarborough, after graduating in 1938, played with Chattanooga for three years and then made the grade with the Nationals, for whom he is still pitching. Willard Marshall starred for the 1939 Deacon frosh, then went to Atlanta for two years, and played with the New York Giants last season prior to enlisting in the Marine Corps. Tommy Byrne pitched for the Wake freshmen in 1938 and for the varsity in 1939 and 1940. He was with Newark in 1941 and last year, and this season he is playing with the New York Yankees.

When Coach Caddell resigned just before the start of the 1940 season, Murray Greason was named as his successor. Coach Murray's first year as Deacon baseball mentor proved successful as his nine captured the Big Five title and tied for the Southern Conference championship. The next season Wake Forest won eleven of their twenty games but finished third in the Big Five. Last season, playing an abbreviated schedule because of transportation difficulties, the Deacons won six and lost three against state competition and ended the season only to Carolina in the Big Five race.

And that is the story of baseball at Wake Forest up to the present. There is no team this year, and perhaps there will not be any here for several seasons. But when the war has been won, baseball will live again at Wake Forest, and Deacon diamond teams will once again be among the best in the South.

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THE STUDENT

VOL. LIX
NO. 6

GRADUATION

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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MONDAY NIGHT, capped and gowned members of this year's senior class, a class that was once large before the war tore into its ranks to take many of its number, will receive a sheet of paper with printing on it—a symbol of four years of gruelling study, laughter, and worrying — a college degree.

These men have had a hard fight, a struggle under adverse conditions, to get their award. For since September, 1939, the month they first entered college portals to launch themselves on an academic career, a war has been raging on far-flung battlefronts on foreign soil and on distant seas. And although that war has been far away, it has also been close to home; and they as college students have been affected in numerous ways by it.

They have seen food prices rocket skyward, as the price of meals more than doubled in the last four years; they have made sacrifices, small but none the less sacrifices, in response to rationing programs from Washington; many of their number have had to leave them, some of them their closest friends, to take up arms for our country; and they have ground into studies, with minds often on other matters, in order to keep pace with a stepped-up college war program.

They have been affected, but they have come through the test and taken a stand on top. They have earned a college degree.

To the members of the senior class of 1943, those who will march up Monday night and shift their tassels to the left in recognition of having been rewarded for four years of work before leaving for the armed forces, seminary, or medical or dental school, this, the final number of the 1942-43 Wake Forest STUDENT, is respectfully dedicated.

The Student

of Wake Forest College

VOLUME LIX — NUMBER 6

APRIL 1943

The Staff

Herbert Thompson ..... *Editor*
Hoyt Dozier ..... *Business Manager*
Elizabeth Jones ..... *Editor-elect*
Dr. E. E. Folk ..... *Faculty Adviser*
Dr. H. B. Jones ..... *Faculty Adviser*
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Betty Stansbury — Betty Black
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In This Issue

Strictly Incidental 2
Timely bits of campus lore

A Railroadin' Man ..... Elizabeth Jones 3
Fifty years dealing with the iron horse

Homer Comes Through ..... Ed Wilson 4
Tweedle was a man's man and the world knew it

Ensign of the C-33 ..... John Dixon Davis 6
A calm sea, a shaky officer, and a dead body

Yesterday's Romeos ..... Betty Stansbury 7
The campus king of yesteryear parted his hair in the middle

The Seniors Speak ..... Larry Williams 8
STUDENT *poll reveals interesting reactions of graduates*

Photography: Jim Middleton

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Strictly Incidental

• *As graduation rapidly nears* and the curtain swings to on another school year, THE STUDENT follows tradition with its last issue for the school term in passing out appreciation to those who have made our success, if we have been successful, possible. We express our thanks to our staff of contributors who have responded to urgent pleas for copy and stood ready when they were needed, despite the beckoning call of many other activities; to faculty advisers Dr. Folk and Dr. Jones, who have lent us invaluable aid and advice in solving many problems constantly arising with the preparation of each issue; to our advertisers who have, by splendid coöperation, helped us to make ends meet in a war year.

And finally, we say many thanks to that group of men behind the scenes who make the machinery click and the wheels turn—the personnel of our printers, Edwards & Broughton Company. To name a few: technical adviser Johnny Minter, E&B leg-man; proofreader Hofmeister, shop foreman Barber; typesetters Padgett and Averette, make-up men Barrow and Finch, and the rest of the company who have given aid.

To these people—contributors, advisers, advertisers, printers — who have made our six issues this year possible, THE STUDENT takes this opportunity to express its appreciation.

• *Hard-luck story of the year* is the saga of wide-eyed John Johnson McMillan's trip to Wilmington with the itinerant seven-man college octet last week. J. J., who holds down second tenor and who reputedly blares out louder than any other man in the group, experienced two firsts on the trip. It was the first jaunt he had had opportunity to make with the choral group since becoming a member several weeks ago when Dean Willis left for the army. And it was the first time he had been muted in all of his Chinese and American life by laryngitis. Music Director Thane McDonald was in an embarrassing spot. It was bad enough to have just a seven-man octet, much less six. Poor J. J. must stand up and put on a good fake anyhow. So, silent, John Johnson stood with the group, wobbled head, and worked jaws up and down with gusto, while octeter Bob Holt sang three parts to all songs.

• THE STUDENT *welcomes for a brief visit* to its staff this last issue, IRC president Larry Williams, who made his first and final contribution to a Wake Forest publication with the poll of opinion of senior class members found on pages 8-9-10 of this issue. Our gratitude goes to Larry for an excellent coverage of the job, contacting 90 out of 100 members of the class of '43 in his spare time of two days.

• *From our orchids-to-you* department this issue, bouquets go out to "Buster" of Shorty's place, who has been constantly on the double since the boss was carried to the hospital several weeks ago. From morning hours till late at night he's been whirling back and forth behind the loaded counter, popping caps off soft drink bottles, slinging out hamburgers and steak sandwiches, and ringing the cash register. The lights don't burn quite as late at Shorty's now, and probably won't till the short man himself returns, but the hamburgers still retain a customary Grade A flavor.

• *The female element has done mighty well* in extra-curricular activities in this, virtually their first year at Wake Forest College. They have taken prominent roles in dramatics, music, forensics, student government, and a very active part in publications. THE STUDENT is indebted to several lassies for contributions this year, one of whom has been elected to edit this publication for 1943-44—hard working, dependable Lib Jones, who takes over the reins after this issue. Giving credit where it is due, we gladly turn over the editor's chair to Lib, anxiously looking forward to her issues next year, which we feel will be a credit to Wake Forest College publications and the feminine element on our campus.

• *Interesting were the results* of a question in the senior poll of this issue on the selection of a blackout queen. Because of the nature of the other questions this was not included in the write-up. The results are passed on here. When asked "If the opportunity should present itself, whom had you rather be with in a blackout?" seniors bared fangs, licked chops and by a safe majority over any other candidate chose charming junior co-ed, Betty Stansbury, in preference to sweater girl Lana Turner, lovely limbed Betty Grable, honeyed Hedy Lamarr, and other cinema bombshells. Turner put up a good race, but Stansbury polled the heavier vote. Three most striking comments found scrawled on ballot sheets were: "I don't like blackouts!" "With J. D. Rockefeller—with my hand on his wallet!" and "Betty Stansbury! Wow!"

• *Paratrooper-writer Seavy A. Carroll,* author of "To Jump or Not to

(Continued on page 16)

A Railroadin' Man

For the Past Fifty Years, Mr. Jesse Reed, Amiable Station Agent, Has Seen Wake Forest and the Seaboard Railway Grow

By ELIZABETH JONES

TO LOOK at Mr. Jesse Reid you wouldn't think him old enough to have served as station agent on the Seaboard Railway for so long. But the railroad gave him a pin this year. It has a diamond in the center, and the inscription says SEABOARD RAILWAY—SERVICE 50 YEARS.

For more than half of that time Mr. Reid has been station agent at Wake Forest, and he has come to be one of the most familiar figures in town. Most often he may be seen in his office, sitting at the battered desk stuffed with papers of various kinds. His hat is always set jauntily on the back of his head. His blue eyes twinkle from behind horn-rimmed glasses. And Mr. Reid finds time to put a flower in his button hole to match the hankerchief in his pocket.

Mr. Reid's office is typical of a small town railway. The furniture is dark and ancient. And the desks, table, and a file are stuffed with papers. Tacked to the walls are eight calendars with pictures of children, pretty girls and a railroad porter. A rickety little wood stove squats in the center of the room.

Tacked to his desk are the picture of his grandson in Greensboro with a football and two poems clipped from yellow newspapers. One is entitled LITTLE THINGS and the other, YOUR JOB.

"Your job is important—don't think it is not—
So try hard to give it the best that you've got!
And don't think ever you're of little account—
Remember, you're part of the total amount.
If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—
So, always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.
A digger of ditches, mechanic or clerk—
THINK WELL OF YOUR COMPANY, YOURSELF AND YOUR WORK."

That poem somehow reminds one of Mr. Reid himself. For half a century now, he's worked at the same job. And he likes it. Of course he could have retired at the end of 30 years, but Mr. Reid says he doesn't want to stop.

His home was in Kittrell. When he was about 16, in 1888, he came to Wake Forest College for a year. During that year he studied Latin, math and English and was a member of the Euzelian Literary Society.

Wake Forest, with Charles E. Taylor as president, was making many improvements at that time. The number of professors had increased to nine, with two assistant professors. It was Dr. Sledd's first year as professor. Dr. Paschal came as a student the next year.

The student body was composed of 218 young men, 198 of whom were from North Carolina. The three classes were Junior, Intermediate and Senior. Math, philosophy and political science, Greek, English, natural history, Latin, physics, chemistry and modern languages were the subjects taught. Two passenger trains ran between Wake Forest and Raleigh.

Station Agent Reid
The railroad gave him a pin.

Four buildings were on the campus then. The administration building stood where Wait Hall is now. It was a large, plain structure. In the north and south ends were bedrooms. The chapel and lecture rooms were in the central portion.

Wingate Memorial Hall occupied the place where the new religion building stands. It contained a small chapel and lecture rooms. Both of these structures were burned.

The library was here then. The society halls were in it. And Lea laboratory was just completed in that year.

Three years later Mr. Reid became station agent at Kittrell. That work runs in his family. His uncle was the first station agent Wake Forest ever had. When the station was moved from Forestville, his uncle, who was agent there, came along, too.

It was in 1915 that Mr. Reid moved to Wake Forest. At that time there were four passenger trains running between here and Raleigh. You could leave for Raleigh at 10:10 or 3:20. From Raleigh one train arrived at 12:25, and the other, the Shoofly, anywhere between six and nine. The college boys used to prefer to catch rides on freights to go to the city, however.

By 1915 there were 500 students here. And the gymnasium, now the social science building, the alumni building, the infirmary, the church, and Hunter dormitory had been added.

The catalogue stated that "The town and surrounding neighborhood are as free from bad influences as any in the country. The proximity of the college to the capital of the

(Continued on page 11)

Homer Comes Through

Only One Man Dared to Doubt Homer Tweedle, Campus Idol, As a Leader of Men, and He Found to His Dismay That His Argument was Hopeless

By ED WILSON

IT WAS WELL-KNOWN on the Strapling campus that HOMER FINLAYSON TWEEDLE was a leader of men. Jim Person, his roommate, knew it for a fact; Prof. Winkle, head of engineering, suspected it; even Dean Dobbs had little doubt about it. And of course HOMER himself was certain of it.

It was really pretty obvious. Every man at Strapling knew HOMER by his first name. It was "Hi'ya HOMER" and "What d'ye say, HOMER?" and "See you, HOMER," all day long. Jim Person swore that even the Negro janitors who swept the college walks bowed every time HOMER passed as if they felt majesty approaching.

Perhaps they too knew that HOMER was president of the senior class, elected by a 71-69 majority over the fraternity caucus candidate. Perhaps they had seen the Who's Who and Phi Beta Kappa keys swinging from his $2.98 chain. Perhaps from experience they recognized in his careless jaunt the signs of a man who knew what he was doing and knew that he was doing it well.

HOMER had ceased to wonder at all the attention heaped upon him. He was aware that he was looked at and marveled about. He showed it in his nonchalant gait; he showed it in his friendly smile. "Hey, fellers"; "What d'ye say, Charlie; "George! How're you doin'?"—that was HOMER's way of announcing to the world that he knew everybody else as well as they knew him.

Yes, HOMER was fully assured that he was popular and had a lot of friends. He had been elected president of the senior class. Furthermore, he realized that he had personality; he was intelligent (a Phi Bete); he was athletic (he was first substitute on the basketball team); he was versatile (he was literary society reporter for the newspaper, he had taken the part of a policeman in a murder play the dramatics club had given, he was president of a Sunday school class, he played a trumpet in the college symphony, and he had tried out for debate his freshman year).

What HOMER liked best about all his honors was that he hadn't had to work for them. Somehow his very demeanor had made him the object of everyone's affections, and all sorts of prestige had been thrown upon him. It was taken for granted that HOMER was a campus deity. The mere mention of his name to even the most secluded of all freshmen was enough to bring awe and a few muttered "Ah's" and "Oh's." In church one day, when the chaplain was speaking to a group of young high school boys, he pointed to HOMER and said, "There's a man to model your lives after. He's one of the finest boys I've known."

HOMER smiled inwardly when he heard the many praises bestowed upon his now legendary name. Life had been easy for him. He felt that God was on his side. He had native intelligence, and he gave an impression of having profound, mysterious knowledge that almost scared some of his witless admirers. Consequently, he hadn't had to study hard. He had joined every organization he could, and he had come to know the men in all of them. He had never risen to the top, because he had never really put all of his ability into doing it. Everyone knew that if HOMER really wanted to become president of any group or chairman of any committee, all he had to do was to get himself nominated and he would march right into the position. People had that much respect for him.

But HOMER preferred to remain just one of the boys, and he seldom ever ran. He liked for fellow members to look at him and say, "That HOMER's really a good boy. You wouldn't think that with all his other work he'd have time to come and meet with us, but he's always here. I think it's sorta considerate of him to come."

So it was that HOMER's reputation as a leader was established. It was never questioned. It had been there from the beginning, and he had never had to work to develop it.

And that was also why everyone on the campus knew that beyond the shadow of a doubt HOMER TWEEDLE would be one of the new men taken into Omicron Delta Kappa that night. In fact, most of them were amazed that he hadn't been invited in earlier. But they attributed that to naughty politics. HOMER had beaten the fraternity candidate in the senior class presidency election, and the fraternity men, who composed a majority of ODK, had been too rankled to vote him in. Now, however, the election had been forgotten, and HOMER was sure to be tapped.

HOMER could already feel the weight of an added key to his $2.98 chain. He could already picture the little circular, five-starred key danging side by side with his Phi Beta Kappa and his Who's Who keys. He was already prepared to be shocked when the old ODK members came up to him the next morning and congratuated him. Oh, he was ever subtle and wise about those things.

Actually he had little to worry about. Practically the entire membership of ODK had assured him that his election would be a cinch, that if he didn't get in, then nobody else would either. Who had as many points as he? Who had joined as many organizations as he? Who had as many honors as he?

Thus did the honorary leadership fraternity meet that night with the question before them: "Whom shall we take in? HOMER TWEEDLE and what other nine students?" And the already established ODK men felt a tinge of pride that they could be instrumental in bringing such a man as HOMER TWEEDLE into the society. What a thrill it would be for them to inform HOMER of his election! What patronage they might get for being a friend of TWEEDLE!

Naturally, TWEEDLE's name came up first for election. He was at the top of the list. In fact, he was at the top of any list. According to the Constitution, since only nine members were present, one blackball, one dissenting vote, could keep out any man who came up for election. HOMER was, everyone felt sure, to be a unanimous choice for membership. Nobody could have anything against him.

The ballots were cast. They were counted. "Eight votes for. One against," the official tabulator announced.

In a blue sky stormy clouds arose. For a moment the members sat with mouths gaping, not daring to speak lest they disturb the sanctity of the moment. Prof. Winkle's false teeth nearly dropped out, and the hair on Dr. Boodle's toupee stood on end and took a rapid nose dive over his forehead. Dean Dobbs sat silent, then muttered, "Sacrilege."

When the effects of the first shock had passed, the president, swallowing a few times and breathing heavily, called for "further discussion." Every man on the jury except one jumped to his feet in protest. There was to be no beating around the bush. A new vote must be taken. "Surely someone voted by mistake," Professor Winkle stammered. "It's easy to pick up the wrong kind of ballot when you're excited."

Then as if in sudden realization that all was not entirely well, the eight members standing noticed that the ninth ODK was still sitting calmly, not taking part in the hubbub and in fact not even noticing it. And with a oneness of purpose they turned their scornful eyes to him. He was caught like a rat in a trap.

The boy sitting—his name was Larry Reed; he was captain of the baseball team and director of the college dramatics club—returned the gaze for a minute or two. Then he spoke. "I guess I might as well admit. You all know it, anyway. I voted against HOMER. And, frankly, I don't care who knows it. And unless something happens, I'll do the same thing again."

Floored for a second, the other members hesitated to speak. Then one began, and the others took his lead and followed.

"How in the world can you vote against HOMER TWEEDLE? Why, he's a leader if there ever was one. Everybody knows that. Why, just look at his activities. Just look at the boy. Just look at what he's done for Strapling."

"Just what has he done?" Larry returned.

"Why, he's president of the senior class. You ought to know what he's done. They're written out on the board up there. Look at that list. Have you ever seen anything like it?"

"Frankly, no, I haven't ever seen anything like it. I'll confess that. Pardon the expression, Dr. Boodle—but what the hell does it all mean? HOMER's done a lot of things, sure. He's been vice president of everything he could get into. He's piddled at every activity he could get hold of, and I think that must have been everyone on the campus. He's won the respect of the whole student body, not for what's he's done, but for what he makes them think he's done. You see, HOMER's got something—

I don't know what it is—something about his personality, I guess—something that gives everybody who sees him the idea that he's smart and intelligent and a great leader.

"But, when you look at him more closely, you don't see a thing but a myth. He's got the ability; I admit that. He's probably got enough ability to be president of the United States. I don't know. But what I'm driving at, he hasn't shown me he's got it. He's come here, beamed in the luster of his personality, and every man on the campus has become convinced that he's a leader. All this when actually he hasn't led in a single doggone thing. He could have—I don't doubt that—but he's had too easy a time getting what he wants without working to really get down and do the college some good where it counts most."

Larry's little outburst was suddenly halted by the entrance of a late member. The new arrival had apparently caught the last words of Larry's speech and had guessed at the reason for the argument, for the first remark he made was "You don't mean to say that HOMER TWEEDLE has been blackballed, do you?"

In united response, the eight standing members replied haughtily, "Yes. Reed's got a crazy idea that HOMER's not a leader. He must just dislike him. I can't figure it out."

"Well, if it's not too late, I'd like to cast my vote for HOMER. He's the best man in the whole bunch. I'm in favor of quitting for good if we pass HOMER up. And, by the way, now that I'm here to vote, won't two blackballs be required to keep a man out? You know, I'll make ten. And I think the constitution says that. . . ."

"You're right. Let's take another vote. If there are as many as ten present, two blackballs are needed. Let's vote right now."

(Continued on page 12)

Ensign of the C-33

A Young Naval Officer, Lusting for Excitement, Came Face to Face with a Nazi Sailor on a Piece of Deckhouse in the Quiet of a Deserted Sea

By JOHN DIXON DAVIS

AS THE SMALL FLEET of patrol boats slid quietly out of an unnamed harbor in the Atlantic, a sturdy young officer, his face yet untanned and eyes clear and sharp, but still lacking that knowing look of the experienced seaman, was standing watch on the bridge of the C-33.

The fog that hung close to the surface of the water was beginning to lift and the sun, a light pink through the low-hanging clouds, began to make its way up into the heavens. It was just another day, thought Ensign Ange, really not much different from those with the early morning reveille that he had experienced for the last 90 days, except that now he rolled out of a real hammock on a real boat and ate his chow in a real galley. No, nothing was essentially changed or different; he still would have to shoot the sun at 12 hours as he had done for so many days in the past. He still would have to say, "Aye, aye, Sir," to his superior officers, and he still had that hate in his heart for those soulless Germans and yellow Japs.

He hadn't lost a relative at Pearl Harbor. In fact, as far as he knew, he didn't even have an acquaintance in Hawaii at the time of the attack. But still he wanted, as he had never wanted anything before, to feel the throat of a Jap or German in the vice-like grip of his powerful hands. He knew he could handle any man that walked, for he had been National Inter-Collegiate Wrestling Champion for three years straight and he would have represented the U. S. in the next Olympic Games if it hadn't been for the war. But now he was just Ensign T. C. Ange, USNR.

Now the fog had lifted and all around the little boat one could see nothing except a clear, slightly rounded horizon. He sighed heavily and muttered uneasily to himself, as if he didn't trust his ability to navigate or to spot the tell-tale periscope of an enemy sub.

He had wanted to be sent on foreign duty. Being only 21 and only a year out of college, he wanted to see the action that all the men in the service were longing for. He had cursed under his breath when his orders read, "Inshore Patrol Duty." What did this Navy think he was? Some little bookworm shrimp? But there was nothing that he could do about it. Maybe if he showed impatience and daring they would send him across. This was his only hope. He wanted to meet a German or a Jap face to face.

At eight bells the skipper came up and his musings were interrupted.

"Good morning, Sir," Ange greeted in a tone of proud respect.

"Good morning, Ange," said the skipper sternly. "Just opened the orders. We're to proceed to the 75-mile buoy. Convoy's coming through tonight and we're to see that everything is clear in our radius. Set your course South by Southeast."

"Aye, aye, Sir," snapped Ensign Ange, and he proceeded to the deckhouse.

After chow that night, having an hour of leisure before his watch, he went down below and smoked a cigarette. As he watched the smoke curl out through the ventilator, he thought about the folks at home—about Mary, the girl he wanted to marry when this war was over. He thought about the days which seemed only yesterdays, when he had worried about the draft and had had such a hard time getting into the Naval Reserve. He didn't even think once that he was out at sea protecting the coast of the United States or about his dogmatic hate for those boys from across the way who were fighting, as was he, for what they thought was right.

He was startled out of his pensive mood when his watch was called.

"Well," he sighed as he climbed up the companionway, "just four more hours and I'll really get some sleep."

Three hours of his watch were gone, and as he shot the North Star and figured from his charts that two hours more would bring them to the 75 mile buoy, he glanced out the deckhouse window on the starboard side and admired the sparkle on the water from the half moon that was nearly overhead. He put his charts away and was preparing to call the next watch, when he noticed the faint odor of fuel oil smoke. "That's funny," he thought, "the wind was off our starboard

(Continued on page 13)

Yesterday's Romeos

A Little Too Early for Zoot Suits, Campus Flashes of a Few Decades Back Contented Themselves with Middle-parted Hair, Long Starched Collars, and Bow Ties

By BETTY STANBURY

STEP BACK WITH ME for a moment into the days of the not too distant past—back to the days when *The Howler* made its first appearance before the public some forty years ago. Yes, that was when Mother was a little mite of a thing, and Dad was still playing cowboys and Indians.

The Joe College of 1903 liked to play football and baseball, just as the boys of today do. He really didn't care how his hair was combed most of the time, nor was he bothered if that top button on his shirt had been jerked off. That's why his mother probably smiled inwardly when she saw her son's solemn face peering at her from the pages of the first Wake Forest College annual. His hair was parted in the middle and carefully slicked down on both sides. His black suit and white vest were immaculate, and his large round-edged collar was set off by a perfectly centered black bow tie. There were no individual pictures that year, yet taking each class, club and organization as a whole there was an unmistable formality, a certain dignity about each student that beguiled the public eye of the typical college boy.

Yesteryear's Joe College
A certain beguiling dignity . . .

And now let our retrospection take us up to the year 1909. *The Howler* was still howling—just as a new born babe whimpers and cries at the dawn of each new day—yet the faces that stared forth from those time-honored pages were beginning to take on an air of ingrained sophistication. Throughout that year's annual we find the touches of informality that whispered of the fact that *The Howler* staff was becoming inured to its business of typifying the real college student as he lives from day to day. Oh, yes, there was still a bit of stiffness that can be found in any annual of those days—for example, a young fellow in a plain dark or striped suit, still wearing the fashionable bow tie, or perhaps a rather flashy tie neatly pinned down with the old-fashioned tie pin. It was also the vogue to wear derbies. In length the trousers, generally speaking, came to the tops of the shoes which appeared to be mostly of the "big-top" sort. Speaking of hats, it must have been the fad to own a "pork-pie" as evidenced from the numerous pictures of them throughout.

The year 1911 ushered in the first sponsors in all their glory and splendor. Their eminence was accentuated by their long flowing tresses, usually braided and gracefully pinned on top of their heads. The evening dresses, both fancy and plain, were mostly off the shoulder, although a few still wore the extremely high necks. The typical freshman appeared in knee britches, and the fashion for bow ties, round collars and derbies had remained unchanged.

Skipping a few more years we come to rest on *The Howler* of 1920, when the nation was still singing "Over There" with breaths of undying patriotism. The men's hair was worn much shorter; in fact there were even a few "crew cuts" at that time. Their dark coats, which were a bit longer than those of today, were marked by velvet collars, and the vogue had turned to colored, fancy ties. By this time the sponsor section had taken on an air of prominence. The length of their hair had not changed, although the style of wearing it had. A few appeared with long curls hanging down their backs, others had converted to the well-remembered "rats" which were worn on either side of the head, and several had begun to comb their locks more down on the forehead. Remember the high waistlines, the high-top shoes with their numerous buttons, the frilly dresses? Yes, that was the year.

By 1926 the men's clothes in *The Howler* were similar to those of the present day, although a certain number of bow ties were still to be found as well as a few horn-rimmed spectacles. The sponsors had picked up the style set by the famed Irene Castle, that of bobbed hair, spit curls and all. The evening dresses, full or three-quarter length, had short sleeves or none at all, and the round, plain necks had come more into the foreground. Shortening of the street dresses was becoming more apparent, the length now coming to the middle of the calf. The mode for low waists had burst forth, wool stockings were common, as were shoes that strapped.

During the next six years, the men's styles remained intact. For the fashionable young ladies, large ostrich feathered fans had become *the* thing, as well as long pearls, a fad that the college girl of today has picked up and made so popular. In the 1932 annual, signs of the long, full knickers for men were beginning to step into the limelight. One freshman even wrote that he was looking forward to becoming an illustrious soph mainly so he could wear them—and smoke a pipe!

The year 1937 brought the styles almost to what they

(Continued on page 11)

The Seniors Speak....

Graduates Show Liberal-minded Outlook at World Problems, Face the Future With a Smile, and Are Ready to Dig into the Present World Conflict

By LARRY WILLIAMS

THE TYPICAL SENIOR of the class of '1943 feels agreeable about entering the service after graduation, believes that the war will last approximately two more years, and plans to be earning between forty and fifty-nine dollars per week ten years from now. He thinks that some sort of new league should be set up after the war to enforce peace upon the world, likes England best among our allies.

He does not favor any sort of limited income after the war nor a third party in the political set-up. He'll take Wendell Willkie for president if the war is over by next election, and will go all out for silver-haired orator Clyde Hoey against "Buncombe Bob" Reynolds for U. S. Senator from North Carolina next year. He believes that coeducation has been beneficial to Wake Forest and that the college will soon open its doors to freshman and sophomore coeds. He thinks that fraternities have done the college a definite good. He attends church weekly.

He would like for his life-mate to have a sense of humor, brains, purity and religious feeling, and is a little skeptical about permitting the sale of alcoholic beverages during wartime. His favorite form of diversion is sports and movies, and occasionally he likes to neck. "Mrs. Miniver" impressed him as the best movie shown in Wake Forest this year, and he believes that the Little Theatre hit top with its production of "Wuthering Heights" in March.

These facts were revealed in a STUDENT survey of the graduating classes of May and August, in which 90 out of a possible 100 seniors were contacted. Results indicate that liberal thought dominated the minds of most students in answering quite a few of the questions. This was possibly influenced to a large degree by the fact that the present world conflict was getting underway in 1939 when present seniors were first packing their bags to leave and begin their college careers, a few of them at Wake Forest, and a good deal of them at other schools. For four years, more especially since December, 1941, we have been affected in many ways by the war.

From the collected opinion of those seniors contacted there are notes of serious determination to serve our country and flag as sailors and soldiers now and as doctors and ministers and in other occupations in a more distant future. Their opinions show that they are up with the times and hold an optimistic outlook toward the days and years that lie ahead, with good income and a secure life in a peaceful world.

The following results show the reactions of senior class members to nineteen different questions which concern them to a large extent. Credit is due *Fortune* magazine for several of the questions used in this poll.

The Senior and His Immediate Future

Results show that a striking number of the class of '43 plan to enter the seminary after graduation. This fact, however, is explained by the effect of the war on the college's enrollment figures this year. Probably no more ministerial students than in the past will be in the graduating classes of May and August, but their large proportionate number to those going into the armed forces is due to their deferred status with Uncle Sam. Twenty-one and one-tenth per cent of the seniors are planning to enter medical or dental schools, do scientific work in some other capacity than armed services, or, in the case of the six coeds voting, enter some other occupation. The reaction of reservists toward entering the armed forces indicate that the majority are either anxious to go or agreeable. No conscientious objectors were listed in the class.

What do you plan to do after graduation from Wake Forest College?

Enter Seminary	24.4%
Navy	22.2
Army	18.9
Medical or Dental School	8.9
Marine Corps	6.7
Air Corps (Army or Naval)	6.7
Others	12.2

If you are planning to enter the service after graduation, how do you feel about it?

Anxious to go	32.7%
Agreeable	40.8
Rather have vacation first	26.5
Opposed	0.0

Regardless of many statements that have been made in the past six months by several military leaders and news commentators that the war will probably be over in another year of fighting, the senior class holds another opinion. Only a relative few agree with Admiral Halsey, Gabriel Heatter, and others on the optimistic viewpoint of only twelve months more of fighting, and state by a good majority that they see at least two more years of battle before ultimate victory, while a considerable number more pessimistically believe it will take three more years.

Approximately how much longer do you think the war will last?

Six months	0.0%
One year	6.6
Two years	55.6

Three or more years	30.0
Don't know	7.8

The great battle that our cousins, the British, put up when they were standing alone, coupled with the more recent exploits on African soil of Montgomery and his now famous Eighth Army, seems to have brought the English pretty close to members of the senior class, closer than any other of our allies. They feel more friendly to China next to Britain, but despite the heroic defense of Stalingrad and the recent resurging Russian offensive against the Nazi horde, results indicate that members of the class of '43 are not quite ready to climb into bed with the Russian Bear.

Which of our allies do you feel friendliest toward at present?

England	54.4%
China	38.9
Russia	2.2
Don't know	4.5

The Senior and The Post-War World

When the lights come on again and the khaki is replaced by mufti, according to survey results the various professions for which one trains in a liberal arts school will find many new and energetic Wake Forest faces. As evidenced by the results of the first question asked seniors, the ministry will embrace more of the May and August graduates than any other single profession, with business, medicine, law and teaching following closely behind. Other fields seniors plan to enter after the war include journalism, chemistry, physics, drama, and the diplomatic service, and several coeds will content themselves by pursuing a husband.

What do you plan to do after the war?

Ministry	28.6%
Business	18.0
Medicine	13.7
Law	12.6
Teaching	10.2
Other work	16.9

The 1943 Wake Forest graduates are rather optimistic about their weekly income ten years from now, a good number estimating that their earnings will be in the $5,000 a year bracket. None plan to make under $20 per week, and only a very few expect as little as $20 to $39 weekly.

How much a week do you think you should be earning about ten years from now?

Under $20 a week	0.0%
$20 to $39	5.6
$40 to $59	32.0
$60 to $79	17.8
$80 to $99	10.0
$100 and over	20.1
No idea	14.5

Whether it be a decided trend toward socialism or a disgust with the bother of filing an income tax return, a surprisingly good number are in favor of limiting the income of the American wage earner, although the majority feel that a man is entitled to what he can make. The majority of those favoring limitation would stop earnings at the $49,999 mark.

When the war is over, do you think it would be a good idea or a bad idea for us to have a top limit on the amount of money any one person can get in a year?

Bad idea	53.4%
Good idea	35.5
Don't know	11.1

(If favoring limitation) Roughly, what would be the highest salary you would allow anyone in the country to get?

Under $10,000	3.1%
$10,000 to $24,999	15.7
$25,000 to $49,999	46.8
$50,000 to $74,999	21.9
Over $75,000	12.5

To keep up the strong thread running through their outlook for the future, seniors, taking cognizance of the peace made in 1918, are overwhelmingly in favor of a plan for world coöperation to enforce peace after this war. A few of the number like a plan of relative isolation, voting for us to use our influence in organizing the world for peace but form no actual ties with any other country.

As far as America and the rest of the world are concerned, which one of these six policies comes closest to what you would like to see us do when the war is over?

World Coöperation:	
Form a new League or association with all the different nations of the world and take an active part in making it work	84.5%
Form a new United States to include in one government all democracies in the world	3.3
Relative Isolation:	
Have as little as possible to do with any countries in Europe or Asia, but form a new United States to include in one government all North and South American countries	0.0
Use our influence to try to organize the world for peace, but form no actual ties with any other country	12.2
Stay at home and have just as little as possible to do with any other country	0.0
Don't know	0.0

The Senior and Politics (National and State)

In the question of a president for 1944, assuming that the war should be over then, the seniors, overwhelmingly democratic, exemplify liberal thought in choosing the international-minded Hoosier from Indiana, Wendell Willkie, by a neat majority over Franklin Delano Roosevelt, should he run for a fourth term. A fairly good percentage of the voting goes to Vice President Henry A. Wallace, but little sympathy is found for Thomas E. Dewey. Old-line Republican John Bricker, scores one

vote, while war-hero General Douglas MacArthur and labor leader John L. Lewis are ruled completely out. (Several vile comments were registered on ballots by Lewis's name.)

If the war is over before the next election, which one of these do you think would make the best President in 1944?

Wendell Willkie	43.4%
Franklin Roosevelt	27.8
Henry Wallace	20.0
Thomas Dewey	5.5
John Bricker	1.1
General MacArthur	0.0
John L. Lewis	0.0
Uncertain	2.2

In the matter of state politics, seniors cast the most overwhelming and one-sided vote on any question in favor of ex-Governor Clyde Roark Hoey over isolationist Senator marrying Bob Reynolds in the senatorial race for next year. Ten per cent of the seniors voting on this question live outside of North Carolina, and one class member failed to mark either, stating, "Neither one. I'm a Republican."

Which of the announced candidates from North Carolina to the United States Senate do you now favor in the 1944 election?

Clyde R. Hoey	92.3%
Robert R. Reynolds	5.5
Uncertain	2.2

As to favoring a strong third party in the national political set-up, there is a strong lack of enthusiasm, a heavy majority being against it, and quite a few seniors uncertain about its merits.

Are you in favor of a strong third party in the political set-up of the nation today?

No	67.8%
Yes	15.5
Uncertain	16.7

The Senior: His School and Personal Tastes

Appoaching issues nearer home, half of the voting males in the class of 1943 think that coeducation has been beneficial to the college, although a somewhat surprisingly heavy number register protest, and quite a few others are uncertain about the matter. The six coeds voting on other questions did not cast ballots on this. Despite the fact that quite a few do not approve of coeducation, an overwhelming majority believe that the college will admit women of freshman and sophomore standing within the next few years.

Do you think that coeducation has been beneficial to Wake Forest?

Yes	50.0%
No	33.3
Uncertain	16.7

Do you think that the college will open its doors to freshman and sophomore coeds within the next few years?

Yes	84.5
No	8.9
Uncertain	6.6

Although there have been many demands for reforms among social fraternities at Wake Forest by many sources, by far the greater majority of seniors, fraternity men and non-fraternity men alike, believe that the Greek-letter lodges have been doing the college a definite good. Thirty-seven and seven-tenths per cent of those voting on this question were fraternity men, one member casting a negative vote on the issue.

Do you think that social fraternities at Wake Forest do the college any definite good?

Yes	78.9%
No	12.3
Uncertain	8.8

It may be contrary to popular opinion, but members of the senior class are good church goers, if results from this poll are indicative. The large majority attend church at least several times during the month, a few attend only monthly, while a fairly large number either go less often than monthly or not at all. Seven and one-tenth per cent of those voting on this question are either away preaching, working on Sunday, or just out of town every week end for some particular cause.

How often do you attend church here?

Weekly	33.4%
Two or three times a month	27.4
Monthly	5.9
Less often than monthly	23.8
Do not attend church	9.5

On a question of preventing the sale of alcoholic beverages in war time, a bare majority of seniors vote to prohibit hard liquor, beer and wines. The ministerial group figures largely in this ballot, but quite a few votes from outside that body register in favor of prohibition. The vote was almost split over the issue, with nearly 50 per cent of the seniors voting against prohibition of any kind, and six undecided about the matter.

Do you think that during the war there should or should not be a law prohibiting the sale of hard liquor; Beer and wines?

BEST OF LUCK FELLAS

We've enjoyed serving you

★

Come by for a Midnight Snack before you leave

SHORTY'S

No prohibition	45.6%
Prohibit hard liquor only	18.9
Prohibit beer and wine, too	28.9
Don't know	6.6

The typical senior's life mate will find a sense of humor a necessary qualification for marriage, and in addition must be intelligent, pure, of deep religious feeling, ambitious, and courageous.

Suppose first a person was honest and physically attractive to you, and could have four of these things to an outstanding degree. Which four would you prefer them to have if you were going to marry them?

A sense of humor	73.3%
Brains	58.8
Purity	56.6
Religious feeling	47.7
Ambition	45.5
Courage	41.1
Good family	23.3
Tolerance	22.2
Thriftiness	18.8
Money	7.7
Don't know	1.1

As a form of escape or diversion from classrooms and text books, the majority of seniors find it more enjoyable to resort to sports and movies for relaxation, while a few prefer necking to all others on the list. Other forms not listed included bull sessions and trips off for the week end.

What is your favorite form of diversion from the regular routine of college life?

Sports	34.4%
Movies	30.0
Necking	15.6
Reading	5.6
Bridge (or other card games)	4.4
Dancing	3.3
Others	6.7

The majority of senior choices go along with Academy Award selectors for the motion picture industry in rating "Mrs. Miniver" tops for the year. Cinemas getting notable mention not listed include "How Green Was My Valley" (which, incidentally, did not show here this school year), "Journey for Margaret," "The Black Swan," "Chetniks," "Immortal Sergeant," and "Jackass Mail." One senior did not attend a single movie this year. Overwhelmingly a favorite Little Theatre production among members of the senior class was "Wuthering Heights." Nineteen did not attend any plays, and eight did not vote on the Little Theatre question.

What is the best movie you have seen in Wake Forest this year? The best Little Theatre performance?

Movie:	
"Mrs. Miniver"	48.9%
"Now, Voyager"	29.0
"Keeper of the Flame"	11.7
Others	10.4
Play:	
"Wuthering Heights"	62.0%
"Arsenic and Old Lace"	10.4
"You Can't Take It With You"	4.4
Didn't attend any plays	23.2

Thus concludes a survey of the mind of the senior class. On questions that vitally affect them now and in later life, they optimistically look through the gloom of war clouds to the sun of opportunity that awaits them in the distant future.

A Railroadin' Man

(Continued from page 3)

State affords many of the advantages, without the distractions and moral dangers, of city life."

And Mr. Reid has kept the same job ever since. It keeps him busy, especially since the army moved in. But he likes it. He's had a son and two daughters to grow up in this town. His youngest son, Jesse, Jr., served as business manager of the *Howler* and graduated from Wake Forest in 1939. He is now assistant superintendent of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest at Winston-Salem.

Yesterday's Romeos

(Continued from page 7)

are today—especially for the men. Sponsors still wore dresses a bit long, although outside of that they were quite modern. They were again turning to long hair, curled or smartly braided.

And with this we now come up to *The Howler* of '43 with all its distinction and greatness. In the years to come we shall glance back through its pages and smile at the sloppy sweaters, the slovenly worn "rain hats," the "zoot suits," the bright plaid shirts, the collegiate brogans. And it, like the ones in the past, will long be remembered, not only for the styles that we, the students of today, have set forth, but also for the pages of men in olive drab and khaki that grimly speak of the dire tragedies of war.

Best of Wishes
Seniors

ARMY NAVY STORE
10 EAST MARTIN STREET

Homer Comes Through

(Continued from page 5)

The smiling president called for another ballot. The votes were cast and counted. "Nine votes for. One against. TWEEDLE is passed," the official tabulator announced.

Next day the Strapling campus was swarming with the news. "Did you hear about the ODK election last night? Broughton and Hope and Craig and Carpenter and Highfill and Friday and Conley and Earley got in. And of course HOMER TWEEDLE got in. It's a disgrace that he wasn't elected before. What a good fellow he is."

HOMER's face shone with accustomed brightness this morning. His side pocket already felt the extra weight of another gold-plated key. His manners told everyone who met him, "I'm a leader. Don't you agree?" And the campus with almost complete unanimity agreed.

. . . . . .

Spring passed quickly, and graduation loomed for the class of 1943. Most of the seniors who weren't transferring to medical school or to the seminary were entering the Navy, HOMER TWEEDLE among them.

Larry Reed and Jim Person were talking on the campus the afternoon before commencement.

Jim spoke up. "Somebody—I won't say who—told me that you voted against HOMER in the ODK elections. That beats all I've ever heard of, and I don't mind telling you that you really lowered my opinion of you. I thought you had more sense than that."

"Yeah, I got myself in hot water by doing that, didn't I? I don't know exactly why I spoke like that. I don't regret it at all, and I'd do it again, even knowing the consequences. But something told me that HOMER wasn't what he's cracked up to be, and I can't ever go against my conscience. It looks like to me that everything has been handed to him on a silver platter just because he is who he is and just because he's oozing with deceptive friendliness. But maybe I'm wrong; pretty near everybody else at Strapling thinks so."

"Well, I tell you, Larry. I've got a proposition. You know all of us are going to the Naval Reserve School at Votre Dame. You say that Homer has just been lucky to get what he's got here at Strapling. He's good just because he's got sort of a peculiar personality. Well, we both know that the Navy is fair to everybody. Suppose we rest our decision on HOMER by how he gets along in the Navy."

"Okay, Jim, I'm with you on that. We'll wait and see."

. . . . . .

The men from Strapling were a tired lot when they reported to the commanding officer at Votre Dame after a final physical checkup. They were so worn out that they scarcely heard the words of the Captain as he swore them into active service.

"Repeat your names after me," Captain Finlayson said.

And down the line they went. "James Franklin Person." "Lawrence Jameson Reed." And others. Then "HOMER FINLAYSON TWEEDLE."

The Captain was calm enough about the whole matter until the name of HOMER FINLAYSON TWEEDLE registered on his mind. Then with a suppressed gulp he almost lost his balance and forgot his oath. Finally,

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though, he managed to regain his self-control and concluded the swearing in.

Immediately after he had shaken the hands of the new trainees, he joyfully bounced over to TWEEDLE. He could no longer restrain his mirth.

"Are you HOMER TWEEDLE from Ossipee, N. C.? Aren't you Jane Finlayson's son?"

"Yes," HOMER replied with an all-knowing look.

"Well, then, I'm your uncle," Captain Finlayson answered.

"Uncle Silas!" HOMER shouted.

"My boy HOMER," the Captain returned.

Larry winked and nudged Jim in the elbow as the rest of the group passed out of the Captain's office, leaving HOMER to chat about his new life in the Navy.

Ensign of the C - 33

(Continued from page 6)

just a minute ago. Certainly was a quick shift." Stepping out of the deckhouse, he froze in his tracks when the gentle blast of the South Wind touched his face. "The wind hasn't changed," he said to himself, as he glanced over his shoulder to see the smoke of his own stack drifting off by him. "That isn't our smoke at all," he thought. He forgot that he was supposed to call the next watch and began scanning the horizon. Perhaps it was a boat and he should signal her. Rushing back into the deckhouse again, he blinked his mast lights three times and peered toward the South, expecting any moment to see an answer to his signal. Instead, a few moments later, he saw a brilliant flash and the report of a deck gun as a geyser of water shot forty feet into the air just off the bow.

"All hands on deck!" he yelled through the voice tube and switched the motors on full.

Turning in the direction of the flash, the little boat, capable of 20 knots, lurched ahead as though possessed with new life.

Again he saw the flash and heard the whistle of a projectile as it tore through the rigging. This time the flash was closer and he thought that he could feel the rush of hot air against his face from the concussion of the gun. Now he could hear voices and above the sound of the motors and shouts of the distant voices he heard a strong guttural voice boom out, "Achtung!" and a few moments later the sound of another ship's motor was wafted across the water. A few yards ahead he could see the dim outline of a long slim submarine as it began a crash dive.

"Stand by on the depth charges!" yelled Ange. By this time the crew was on deck and the petty officer reported that the skipper would be up in a moment. The sub seemed to slide out of sight and Ange thought for a moment that if he waited to pull the ship's stern around to release the charges, the sub would be out of the way and he wouldn't know if he had gotten it or not.

"Charges 30 feet!" he yelled again. "Stand by for signal!" Just as the conning tower disappeared below

WE SEE A LOT OF FACES
EACH DAY — BUT WE'RE
GOING TO MISS YOURS
CLASS '43

★

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the surface, Ange changed his mind. Only several yards away from the sub now, he swerved his wheel hard to the port and a few seconds later his bow crashed into the side of the half-submerged submarine. The impact of the collision smashed the depth charge gear on the stern and all eight charges rolled into the sea. Seventeen seconds later the first one exploded with a thundering crash and the stern of the C-33 was on top of the geyser of water that shot above the surface of the ocean. Seven more times the silence of the clammy night was split by the thundering crash of 2,100 pounds of TNT and the cries of mangled men.

Dawn found the sea an oily mass of wreckage and corpses. As the sun started its trip across the sky cries of seagulls broke the deathly silence with their piercing screams.

On a piece of the deckhouse of the C-33 Ensign Ange was lying where he had managed to secure himself during the night and had remained unconscious ever since. Slowly his eyes opened and after several minutes of lying there in a half stupor he managed to obtain a half

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sitting position. As he scanned the surrounding sea with eyes that didn't seem to see at all, he saw a lone struggling body in the water. He wanted to yell, but it seemed that he wouldn't be able to, and so he didn't even try. Instead he just tried to paddle toward the fellow in the water.

The arms that were once powerful and sure splashed in the water aimlessly as if guided by one who was mentally and physically deranged. Ange was not insane from the shock, but his nerves were shattered to the last ounce of their reserve, and he didn't seem able to think at all. After much effort he finally was close enough to reach out to take the sailor's arm, when, almost paralyzed, he saw that the arm band bore the German Naval Insignia. However, his mind didn't register hate at all but only surprise. He took hold of the fellow's arm as if it were one of his shipmates and he struggled to get the man on the raft with him.

That was all that Ange could remember when he woke again, except that the sun was just coming up when he was last awake, and now the sun was almost on the meridian. "It must be noon," he thought. Then he noticed the fellow before him on the raft, and a chill ran up his spine. His senses were blurred for a short moment and then came to him like the rush of a mighty wind. He reached for his forty-five which he had with him before the torpedoing, hoping if it were still there that it would shoot. He found it in his grasp, and as he pulled it from the holster, he looked first at the gun and then at the German.

"Kill him, kill him," his recovered senses seemed to scream to him.

"No, he is helpless, you can't kill a helpless man," his sense of decency commanded. And through these short moments the German, as if by some premonition, had regained consciousness. And from the first instant when he had opened his eyes he knew what was going on in Ange's mind. Ange took aim and the wounded and helpless German eyes were filled with pleading, begging. His lips quivered and he tried to further his plea with his voice, but to no avail. He just lay there helpless and alone except for another human being driven mad by a hate that he was unable to control.

A shot rang out, shattering the peaceful murmur of the ocean breeze, and drowning out the gentle cries of the strikers as they dived for minnows. A shot, a black hole in the temple, a twitching face, and the German was dead. Ange's first reaction was one of satisfaction as he inserted his gun in the holster like the villain of some western movie, and the expression on his face was that of a job well done.

The German's body didn't change position after the shot was fired, but remained where it was, and now that look while still pleading was also colored with happiness, and it seemed to Ange that the dead face opposite him was smiling.

For a moment a cold chill swept over him and his throat became dry and he felt weak and exhausted once more.

"What have I done?" he muttered to himself half aloud. And feeling a sudden sweep of damnation, he managed to crawl over to the body. He shook it with all his might, crying aloud and weeping hysterically.

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BEST WISHES
CLASS 1943
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We enjoyed working with you this year.
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Raleigh, North Carolina

"You aren't dead, you can't be. The gun couldn't have fired. I haven't killed you. Oh, wake up." As suddenly as Ange had gone over to the body he dropped his hands from the shoulders of the German as if it were something forbidden that he had touched, and he stared at the body, backing away from it slowly at first and then in one sudden movement he was back in his place.

He buried his head in his hands and wept aloud. He would stop in the next instant having reassured himself that what he had done wasn't so, and he would look at the body again and hide his face. Each wave that tossed the raft seemed to engulf them and each scream of a seagull pierce him to the bone.

Ange's mind became the center of a turmoil. He wanted to free himself of a haunting feeling of guilt. He wanted to throw the German overboard, but he couldn't do that. He had tried, but every time he moved to push the body in the water the waves seemed to rise, and he felt he couldn't move. Yet he wanted to get away from the horror of having the face of the man he had killed staring him in the face.

The day was darkening and the sun had almost settled below the horizon when the urge to push the body off the raft came once more. Ange had almost gotten the body to the edge of the raft when he realized with horror that if he did push it into the water he would have to drift alone all night, and loneliness dominated his thinking. Even if the man were dead he would be company for him. Ange moved back to his side and for the first time since the wreck he felt the pangs of hunger and maddening thirst. When the sun was down he settled himself as comfortably as possible and slept like a baby.

At the first rays of the dawn Ange was startled from his sleep by what he thought was a sound. He scanned the horizon, turning his head weakly in every possible direction so that he might hear the sound of the motor that he had thought he had heard. Far to the South he saw a smudge that soon took the shape of a boat, and he was filled with new life. He now became conscious of the body and of the faint but distinct odor of putrefaction, and his face registered disgust.

"I don't need you any more," he said to the corpse and with his last ounce of energy pushed it into the sea. It didn't splash or make any noise, but just slid into the cold blue waters of the Atlantic. Ange collapsed. In another hour he was on the patrol boat that he had seen earlier in the day, and he was on his way to port.

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

On a quiz given recently one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports." A freshman wrote: "Anthony and Cleopatra." —*Ohio Sundial.*

"I guess I'll cut this dance," said the surgeon as he applied the anesthetic to the St. Vitus patient.

"—but mother—all he does is sit there and smoke his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

UNION MADE

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Strictly Incidental

(Continued from page 2)

Jump" in the February STUDENT, went another step in writing from his work last month with the publication of an article in *Para-Dice,* literary-humor magazine of the 506th Parachute Infantry, Jumper Carroll penned an article on the *Capt. John P. Graham* and his writing of the skymen's tune, "Song of the Paratroops."

• *It matters not what clime* or place, Wake Forest men manage to bump into each other in some way. Latest meeting we've heard of was Jack Donnell and Sam Behrends, members of PiKA fraternity, who were both here first semester. It seems that both went into the army early in the semester, Sam from Wilmington, and Jack from Climax. Neither knew of the other's entrance at the time, both chose air corps ground crew as their preferred branch, were startled to find themselves bunking in the same tent, frat brothers and close friends, at an Army Air Corps ground crew training base in Florida.

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"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.

Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

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IN THE ARMY
IN THE NAVY
IN THE MARINES
IN THE COAST GUARD

Camel

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

On land—on sea—yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"

On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy — an "I'd walk a mile" grin — add 'em all up and you get CAMEL—the fighting man's favorite.

The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you ... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

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